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Original Poetry.

REQUIEM TO MARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Whom the gods love die young."

To what far land beyond our mortal seeing
Has thy soul soared, and left our dimmer light,
Pale from the absence of thy radiant being,
As if a star had left the brow of night?

What seraph in the bright cloudland above,
Has won thee from the strong ties binding here?
Broken is every bond of human love—
Thou breath'st no more our lowly atmosphere.

Loudly the stormwinds sweep above thy grave
(Dirge-like and wild their solemn minstrelsy)
And the first snow that dreary winter gave
Has made a stainless bridal pall for thee.

Oh, what an angel-glory thou dost wear
In the new clime, where the pure soul has fled,
Free from the [illegible] of earth's [illegible],
To the bright azure smiling [illegible].

All thou didst leave—and desolate the house
That once thy presence filled with joy and mirth
Now the loved ones thy absence maketh lone,
Gather in sadness round the silent hearth.

And be thy poet one [illegible] prayer is given,
That from the spirit-realm where now thou art
Thou'lt come a star [illegible]
Breathing new peace into the [illegible] heart.

Hope is the truest solace of the stricken,
For earth's vain hopes may not all control
The longing mind, though its dim shadows thicken,
And lure the living from the sainted soul.

There came a [illegible] with starry forehead,
And white wings folded, bended down and sigh'd
Cast back a pitying eye on all who sorrow'd—
Went upward—and they tell us Mary died!

Kennett, Chester County. L.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.
A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

INDIAN BLOOD.

He gazed on her and she on him; 'twas strange
How like they looked!—the expression was the same;
Serenely savage, with a little change
In the large dark eye's mutual darted flame;
For she, too, was as one who could avenge,
If cause should be—a lioness, though tame;
Her father's blood before her father's face
Boiled up, and proved her truly of his race.
Byron.

Magdalene entered the grange. In the keeping room, or "big room," or hall, as it was by different persons called, a great fire, which the cold spring night rendered necessary, was burning in the wide chimney, and lighting up the whole large room with blinding radiance. Not a soul was there. She passed into the adjoining room—the inner room which had been her grandmother's bed-chamber, and was now hers, and finding that some one's care had already let down the windows, and kindled a little fire on the hearth, she washed her face and hands and naked feet, and returned to the outer apartment, and after walking to the fire and warming her chilled limbs, and going to the corner cupboard and eating a piece of bread and meat, with a draught of home brewed beer—finding herself in solitude, determined to spend her evening, as she always did, upon the rare occasions of her having the house to herself. So, instead of taking her basket of cotton wool to pick, she went to the rude book shelf that contained the small library of the farm-house, and looked for something to read—among what, child as she was, she had already waded through many times. And with the exception of the Holy Bible, such books as they were for a little girl's study—Fox's Christian Martyrs, with all its horrible pictures, History of the Reign of Terror, History of the Spanish Inquisition, were mixed up with books on Farriery, Agriculture, Medicine, &c., &c., &c., and through all, proper or improper, good, bad, or indifferent, had the lonely, musing, and eager child waded. Her strong, voracious and starving mind battled every thing that came in its way. She now took down the History of the Spanish Inquisition, and sitting in the chimney corner, in the strong blaze of the fire-light, began to pour over its dark pages.

So deeply absorbed was she in this, that she did not hear the door open, and shut violently, or a heavy step approach her, until a strong hand fell hard upon her shoulder, grasping it roughly, and a stern voice exclaimed,

"So, mistress! you are here! Where have you been all day and all night, while I have been tramping through forest, field, and moor, in quest of you!"

Awakened roughly from a deep, deep dream, her spirit recalled from a far, far journey into the distance of time and space, Magdalene slowly lifted her long, languid lashes, and gazed vaguely at him with her shadowy eyes. He repeated the question in a harsher tone, shaking her roughly and lifting her upon her feet—the book fell from her hands, and she stood there in a sort of calm bewilderment, still unprepared to reply to him. With a third and more violent shake, Adam Hawk brought Magdalene quite to her senses, and then slowly and sternly repeated his question.

"Where have you been all day and night?"

"Sitting on the terrace of Prospect Hall, or, wandering in the forest behind it."

"No where else!" asked Adam, frowning darkly.

"No, father, nowhere else—from the forest straight home," replied Magdalene, quietly.

"What!—have you not been to St. Leonard's, to see the execution?"

"Father, you told me not to go, and I never disobeyed you in my life!"

"You have done it in this instance! Take care! Confess now that you have been at St. Leonard's."

"Father! I have been nowhere but to the places I told you!"

Adam Hawk drew up his lofty, dark form to its full height, folded his arms, and looked thunder at the child. Very ferocious looked Adam Hawk, with his tall, gaunt form, his dark, aquiline features, and the ten years' growth of grizzled hair and beard, hanging in unkempt elf locks down his cheeks and bosom—very ferocious in the best of humors and terrible in his wrath!

But he never was an object of terror to the undaunted child.

"Look up into my face, mistress!"

"I am looking at it!"

"Now, then, tell me that since you left me this morning, you have been nowhere but to the terrace of Prospect Hall, and the forest, and thence home."

"I am doing it! I am looking at you now, and I tell you that I have been nowhere since I left you this morning, except to the terrace of the hall, and the forest, and home!" said Magdalene, with unfaltering tone, and unflinching gaze.

"YOU LIE!" thundered Adam Hawk. Magdalene started and flushed crimson, as though smitten upon the brow, but she did not reply. She quickly composed herself, and cast down her eyes.

"Confess, instantly, that you have been to St. Leonard's, and that you have lied to conceal your fault and escape punishment!" commanded the father; but the child was silent, moveless. "Confess, instantly, or I will thrash you within an inch of your life, and until you do!"

But Magdalene never opened her compressed lips, or raised her downcast eyes. Something in the matchless beauty, purity, and patience of her air touched his heart, and perhaps deceived him, for he said, in a less harsh voice,

"Repent and confess, and I will forgive you!"

This softened tone succeeded better with Magdalene, for now raising her eyes to his face with a sort of sorrowful dignity, very strange and affecting in a child, she said,

"'Liars are not believed even when they speak the truth.' Lips accused of lying should close themselves forever. Until you trust me, I will be silent!"

"WHAT!" vociferated Adam Hawk, astounded and enraged at a resistance so unexpected and invincible, yet so calm; "WHAT!" he thundered, as underneath his darkening brow his hawk eyes started, seeming to grapple her form with a hook-like clutch. He who had been the awful, absolute master of his household for half a century, and never before met opposition—he whose wife and child had been greater slaves to his own will than any negro on the plantation—to be defied now by an infant, his grand-child! It was incredible! it was astounding! it was stupendous! the criminality of the thing was even lost in its marvellousness! Adam Hawk did not stop to consider that his first slave, his *wife*, had been of another race—that as for his *child*, traits of character are not reproduced in the second, but in the third generation, and that in his grandchild his infant SELF was opposed to him.—"WHAT!" he roared, and thrust out his talon hand, as though he would have seized the child, but withdrawing it suddenly, as though he feared to trust her form in his own grasp! He turned and strode away, and reaching a whip from a rack across which it lay, he approached her, shaking it sternly—"Come, mistress! We will see how long this vow of silence will be held! SPEAK! Confess that you have disobeyed me; that you went to St. Leonard's, and that you have lied to conceal your fault, and escape punishment. Speak, minion! Confess, before this lash descends upon you."

Magdalene was unmoved. Magdalene was naturally firm as rock, and just now her enthusiasm had been kindled, by reading of the firmness and constancy of martyred virtue—and now in her outraged truth and integrity—the rack! the rack! would not have drawn one word from her lips. And now, furious with anger, Adam Hawk raised the lash that would assuredly have descended upon the shoulders of the proud and beautiful child, but that the door was suddenly burst open by the Goblin, who had evidently been eaves-dropping, and who now breaking in, caught the upraised arm of the enraged man, exclaiming,

"Ah! for Gor A'mighty's sake, marster, don't, don't. Try moral 'suading little longer, afore you result to carnal weapons as a, as a derned assault! (*de—— word*)—try moral 'suading!"

"There!" said Adam Hawk, lowering the whip. "There! there is one before whom you cannot persist in your lie, or your lying silence. Uncle Biggs saw you go, and gave me information."

Magdalene turned her large eyes slowly, inquiringly upon the Goblin, who said, in answer to that mute appeal—what, by the way, he really thought,

"Yes, honey, I seen you go, you *know* I did! You sprang off like a kitten——! and away you went a-scattering down the steps as fast as you could go, soon as ever I told you how you ought to, in time.. 'Deed 'fore my holiness 'Doesnut you did, chile! Now, don't 'ny; yield to moral 'suadin'!"

"Confess!" vociferated Adam Hawk. But Magdalene's large eyes were fixed upon the ground again, and her lips compressed together. "CONFESS!" thundered Adam Hawk, elevating the lash! but the firm lips were motionless, not even the scorn corroding her young bosom curled them! "TAKE THIS, THEN!" and again the lash was whirled into the air, and would have descended with a sharp rasp upon the shoulders of the child, but that with a cry of mingled anguish and despair, and with the bound of a panther, she cleared the width of the room and sprang upon a table where she stood at bay! and no leopardess at bay could have looked more splendidly, terribly beautiful than that child as she stood there consuming with the fierce anguish of her impotent wrath and shame! as she stood there with the smouldering fire of the blood of a thousand Wecomanees flaming through her crimson cheeks and blazing eyes! Again the madman, for such Adam Hawk now was, rushed furiously upon her, when a loud knock at the door was followed by the instantaneous presence of Bruin, the Deformed, whose electric apprehension took in the whole scene at a glance.

"Brute! Demon! what were you about to do?" exclaimed he, seizing the whip from the hand of Adam, and whirling it away through the open window.

"I was about to chastise her for falsehood! How dare you interfere?" growled the old man, turning upon the dwarf.

"*Her*, for falsehood!" sneered Bruin, going up to the table and looking with enthusiasm at Magdalene. "*Her*—little Indian princess! *Her*, for falsehood! Adam Hawk, I have not seen her since she was a babe, but now looking at her, I tell you, Adam Hawk, that she never told a falsehood in her life! That she would not have lied to have saved your neck from the rope, and your soul from eternal perdition, even when she loved you—*as she will never love you again.*" said the dwarf, as he raised his arms, in a gingerly manner, however, as though he was about to take hold of a young catamount. But Magdalene's countenance softened—softened into that mellow and beautiful languor common to her face, and to the leopard's in repose, and she passed her arm around his neck and suffered him to lift her from the table.

"I will not be balked so! I will not be trampled upon in my own house!" muttered the old man, in the deep reverberating tones of retiring thunder, as his fury began to subside under the new impression that he *might* have been wrong. "I will not be balked so! If she has told a falsehood she shall be severely punished!"

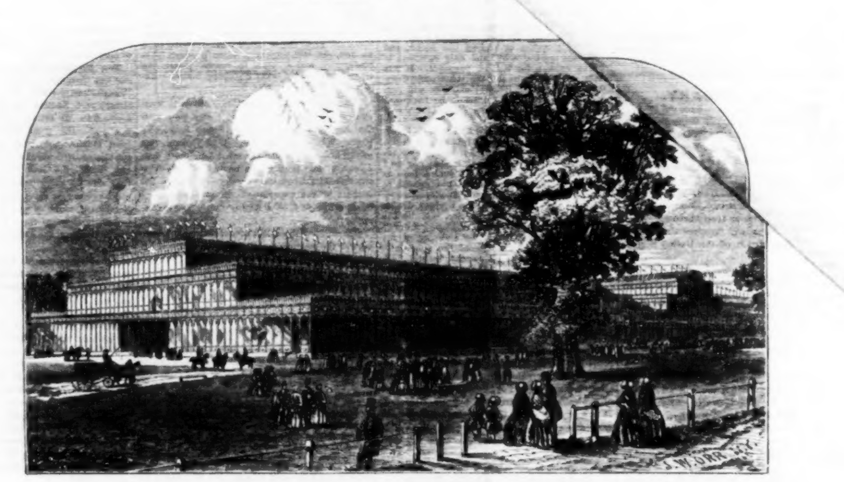
"And what shall be done with *you* if you have wrongly abused her? hey? parents can do no wrong, I suppose!"

"Bruin! I——"

"Tut, man! is this the way in which you receive an old comrade after a ten years' absence? But, no matter for me! I came to tell you that the brig Confidence has cast anchor below, and that Judge Washington, with his family, are on board! He has come to the main land with the intention of procuring better assistance in the education of his grand-daughter and heiress, Miss Washington, my island maiden! my Miranda, as I call her!" being Caliban at her service, and [illegible] everybody's!"

"Judge Washington below! This is sudden!" said Adam Hawk, thoughtfully.

Our Picture Gallery.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE OF CONCORD.

Such is the name given to the magnificent building which has been erected in Hyde Park, London, to contain the contributions of all nations for the great Exhibition this year. The universal interest felt in this subject, has induced us to present an engraving of the building—for which we are indebted to the publishers of "Holden's Magazine." This wonderful production of art is 1,848 feet long, by 408 broad, covering about 18 acres of ground, and giving, with the galleries, an exhibiting surface of 21 acres. The total cubic contents are 33,000,000 feet, giving room for forming eight miles of exhibition tables. A gallery round the inside will extend nearly a mile. The number of columns is 3,230, varying in length from 14 feet 6 inches to 20 feet. They wit the sashes and glass are throughout similar in form. There are 2,244 cast-iron girders for supporting the galleries and roof, 1,128 intermediate bearers, and 358 wrought iron trusses. The gutters for carrying off the water, ingeniously carried through the columns, are 34 miles in length. There are 202 miles of sash bars, and 900,000 superficial feet of glass. Some wood is used for joists and flooring, but the most of the building material is glass and iron, the entire outside being composed of them. The entire cost of erecting and maintaining the building for use, is estimated at £150,000, or about $750,000. It is proposed, however, to dispose of the materials after the close of the exhibition, in which event the expense will be reduced to £79,800. While the actual labor of construction proceeded, a vast amount of preparatory work went on simultaneously. Sash bars, window frames, &c., were got ready by hundreds of workmen, under neighboring sheds. Piles of material were collected in every part of the ground, and, at the 1st of December, three-fourths of it was on hand, 800 hands were then employed, afterwards increased to 1,500. The iron work was all brought from Birmingham.—The glass was all furnished by one firm. The timber used was from the Baltic, and of excellent quality. Gas was laid in the grounds, and the work continued during most or all of the night. Within a commodious set of offices, the heads of departments regulated the work and prescribed the division of labor to be pursued. An ingenious system of brass checks or tokens was devised to determine the number of hours per day for which each man labored, and the pay which was due him. The whole business was carried on in the most systematic and orderly manner, and it is very remarkable with how little noise and bustle the work proceeded.—Nearly every thing was brought on the ground ready to be put up, and the loudest sound which reached the ear was the occasional click of the hammer, "closing up rivets." Over so large a space the noise of labor was lost, and the building rose almost as noiselessly as did Solomon's Temple. Not only will America furnish her full share of articles for the exhibition, but the ingenuity of one of her sons is likely to be brought into exercise for the adornment of the building itself. We learn that Mr. Benjamin Hardinge, of Cincinnati, has proposed to cover the iron columns, pilasters, entablatures, &c., with a kind of porcelain, or variegated enamel, giving them the richness and beauty of the choicest polished marble and precious stones, viz.—the agate, chalcedony, jasper and other silicious formations. He also proposes to apply liquid silicates to the glass, in variegated colored crystals, in prismatic or softly blended rainbow tints, which would give a beautiful mellow light to the interior, and supercede the blinds which were at first proposed to modify the glare of light through such an immense surface of glass. The expense of this would be comparatively small. The material being composed of quartz, or white sand, dissolved in large quantities, through the agency of hydrofluoric acid, and other solvents. It is said to be the cheapest finish upon iron or glass ever known, is applied with great facility, and so hard as not to be moved by a file.

"A vast temple," says an English paper, "has been raised, in which the brotherhood of nations is to be celebrated,—a temple enjoying the temperature of June, at once thoroughly ventilated and refreshed, light in appearance as a bamboo cane, and strong as a Norman Keep, with decorations as graceful as those of the Alhambra, and resembling nothing, perhaps, that was ever before erected, but some gigantic conservatory, at once graceful and magnificent." Let us hope that the Exhibition to be held in it, will tend to the advancement of the great cause of National peace and concord.

"Ah! he has come upon you in an hour you wist not of! I hope he will find you watching: lamps filled and trimmed and burning!"

"I am prepared to render an account of my stewardship! Judge Washington below! Well, this is sudden! How is the Judge and the young lady?"

"The Judge is hale, and the young lady, my island queen, is—but did I not tell you that you are to gear up the carriage and drive down to the beach immediately, and bring them up? They are to sleep here to-night—the mansion house being considered too damp and cold until it has been aired and warmed with fires a day or two."

"I would that I had known of his purposed arrival! I might have had the mansion house made comfortable for his reception," said Adam Hawk, thoughtfully.

"Oh, aye! and a great many other things in better readiness! But, courage, man! I know you do not grudge your hospitality to the master of the estate, and for the rest—why you know it is not the first time, by many hundreds, that Joseph Washington has eat and slept in this, that was his birth-place, and his residence for forty years. Come, hurry, friend Adam, hurry; gear up and go down for them, while I stir Goblin up and have supper got against they get here—have you no woman about the place?"

"No, I hate to have women about when I can do without the creeters, but I will send one from the quarters as I go," said Adam Hawk, leaving the house.

"Go, Gulliver, and get together the best you can for your master's supper," said the dwarf, and as soon as Gulliver was gone, and he was alone with the child, he sat down and called her to him. Magdalene approached, and stood before him. He drew her between his knees and laying his hands upon her shoulders, looked at her long and wistfully; she returning his searching gaze. And so the old deformed man and the beautiful child understood each other perfectly.

"You were very deeply moved just now, Magdalene?" said the dwarf.

"Yes—if he had struck me, I should have killed myself! I did not say it, or think it then, but the more I think of it now, the worse I think of it, and the surer I feel that if he had struck me, I should kill myself."

"I believe it! firmness, self-esteem, destructiveness, monstrous!" muttered the dwarf to himself—and then he added aloud—"Magdalene, you are not raging, but you have more malign feelings now towards your grandfather, than half an hour ago, when you openly defied him!"

"It is deeper down," said the child; "the more I think of it, the worse I hate it: and I cannot help thinking of it!"

"I know it! firmness, concentrativeness, immense!"

"But how did you know, that I would not tell a falsehood? It was true! I would not! no! not to save myself from being torn to pieces by wild beasts—not to save myself from being cast into the flames and burned alive to cinders, would I tell a falsehood, or do a single thing to make me feel mean!"

"Conscientiousness, self-esteem, inordinate," muttered the dwarf to himself, laying his hand upon her stately head.

"But how did *you*, whom I never remember to have seen before—*know* that I would not; while he who has brought me up from infancy, suspected me?"

"My child, from your head and face, as well as from your air and manner—though the latter, except in childhood, is not so sure a guide, as it can be assumed; but on the former, my child, on the face and head, the character is written as plainly, as clearly, and as truly, for those who can read the language, as the letter-press of a printed volume. Magdalene! you are a wonderfully beautiful child, and you will be an eminently beautiful woman—that is a great deal, but it is little to what I am about to say. Magdalene! you are a very bad and a very good child! you are endowed with strong passions, strong intellect, and a strong will! There is no medium course for you in life! an ignoble or a brilliant destiny will be yours! infamy or fame! disgrace or dominion, is written in letters of fire upon tablets of iron in your character! Were you a man, Magdalene, and in Europe, I should say a —— would complete your destiny! as it is, Magdalene, you will be a great criminal or an illustrious woman! Why do I talk to you so, my child? because I cannot help it! Magdalene, you appear unmoved by what I have said, but you are not so. It is your steel-like nerves. You partly understand me, little one!"

"Yes! my blood runs cold, and—hot! Tell me! tell me! how I may keep from being a bad one! how I may become a good and great woman?"

"Ah! Magdalene! other agencies! other agencies! the soul is being educated for good or evil, far enough out of the sphere of my knowledge and influence—which is to destroy or perfect yours!"

They gazed at each other in silence—the dwarf profoundly studying the greatest soul for good or evil, that had ever fallen under his notice—the child trying to read in the eyes of the seer the mysteries of the future: and within the door stood one as profoundly studying them both, Gulliver Goblin, the whites of whose splotched eyes gleamed in the firelight as he muttered to himself—"Marster Jes' as sartin as that child is a witch, that 'bolter is a conjuror!"

Only for a moment remained they thus—when the sound of approaching footsteps and voices aroused them, and a couple of negro women, hastily summoned from the quarters, entered to set the table for supper.

"Now, my child," said the dwarf, releasing Magdalene, "you must go and prepare a nice bed-chamber for a little girl about your age and size. I suppose you have heard of the Judge's grand-child, Virginia?"

"Miss Washington, the great county heiress—she who will have the two largest estates on the Western shore, besides the island in the bay—she whom they call the little Island Princess—yes! all my life I have heard a great deal of her. She shall have my bed-room; it is the best in the house."

And Magdalene left him and went into the inner chamber to prepare it for the little guest. She kindled a bright fire—swept up the hearth neatly—painted it with the red-ochre from the swamps; then going to her press she took out the hoarded treasures of her chamber—the quilt of scarlet stars on a white ground, and the knotted white toilet-cover—both the work of her mother's fingers—and placed one upon the bed and the other upon the chest of drawers; and lastly, she went out into the hall, and laying her sacrilegious hands upon the hanging book-shelf, carried it with all its volumes—Farriery, Family Physician, Poultry Breeding, and all, into the chamber, and hung it up over the mantle-piece, as the crowning glory of the unaccustomed magnificence.

She had scarcely completed that, when the sound of many feet and many voices, summoned her to the outer room to see the newly arrived guests.

CHAPTER IV.

VIRGINIA.

[illegible]
George [illegible]

[illegible]
Browning.

As Magdalene entered the hall by one door, the opposite door opened, admitting first an elderly gentleman, of stately appearance, clothed in complete black—and next a youth of some fifteen or sixteen years, of slender form, fair complexion, large, clear eyes and broad brow, shaded by waves of pale golden hair. He led by the hand a little girl, whose dazzling radiance of beauty seemed to flash upon the vision with the sudden splendor of a sun-burst.

Virginia Washington was a blonde of the most brilliant type. She, too, was tall and full formed for her age, and might rather have been taken for twelve than for ten years of age. Her complexion was of that snowy, frosty fairness only seen with brilliant ultra-marine blue eyes, and [illegible] hair—the last crowning feature of her glorious beauty. This splendid [illegible], all a [illegible] halo of light, fell in many luxurious spiral ringlets far below her waist. She stepped into the room, "like some glad creature of the air," with smiling lip and smiling eye, and only withheld from dancing forward by the restraining hand of the earnest-browed youth.

Adam Hawk entered last, and immediately set forward a large arm-chair for the Judge, while he also ordered supper to be served. The Judge seated himself with a weary, though stately air; and the youth led the maiden to a chair, and drew another for himself to her side. Magdalene stood shyly off for a moment, and then, after looking attentively at Virginia, she went up to her, and said, in a low voice,

"Miss Washington, I think I shall like you very much, but I am not sure yet. I am gladder to see you than I thought I should be. I have got my room fixed very nicely for you—Will you come into it and take off your bonnet, while supper is bringing in?"

Virginia started when first spoken to, and looked at Magdalene with her large, brilliant blue eyes brought full upon her; then holding out her hand, suddenly, impulsively, she said,

"And I don't *think* at all, but I *know*, that I like you very much—what is your name?"

"Magdalene Hawk!"

"I do not *think*, then, but I am quite sure that I like you very much, indeed, Magdalene. You are beautiful as the starlight nights on the water!"

"And you, Virginia, are lovely as the summer morning on the plains!"

"And I think that we are both two very clever girls, Magdalene! with the gift of admiring each other!" said Virginia, and then her silvery laugh rang out upon the air, shocking Adam Hawk's solemn house from its propriety; and springing quickly up, she said,

"Come! come! come! I'm ready!
[illegible]"

And thus singing and swinging her bonnet, she danced forward, preceded by Magdalene, into the bed-room. She had only time to take off her pelisse before they were called to supper.

Immediately after supper, as it was quite late, Judge Washington requested to be shown to his sleeping room, and Adam Hawk, taking a lamp, preceded him and Joseph upstairs. Magdalene lighted a taper, and attended Virginia to her chamber.

"I wish you would sleep in here with me, Magdalene. Where are you going to sleep?"

"On the settle in the hall."

"Oh, that will never do! I am afraid I have got your sleeping apartment, Magdalene. Yes, indeed! Now I look around it, it must be yours."

"Yes, it is mine, but I hope you will be comfortable in it—don't mind me, I sleep soundly anywhere, generally,—often summer nights I have gone out through this other door that leads into the flower garden, and I have laid down in the dewy grass and have slept finely all night—the night air and the dew not hurting me any more than it hurts the plants or the cattle—as, indeed, why should it?—but *to-night*," added the child, as if speaking to herself, "to-night I could not sleep anywhere."

"Why, Magdalene? why could you not sleep anywhere to-night? You say that so sadly!—Are you like me with my faults of temper? have you flown into a passion, and hurt and wronged some one you love? Poor Magdalene! I know what that grief is! make friends with them again, Magdalene—that is the best way!"

"No, you mistake—I never wronged any one, even the smallest insect, in my life, and I never flew into a passion. But I have been wronged, and a hate is slowly, darkly tiding into my soul, like the great midnight tide, and I cannot resist it!"

Virginia seemed to bring the bright rays of her golden-fringed blue eyes into an intensely brilliant focus upon Magdalene's star-light face and then she said,

"I do not quite understand you, Magdalene—But you are unhappy, and I am sorry for you—You cannot sleep! *Pray!* 'God giveth His beloved sleep,' you know."

"God is a God of Vengeance! *He* will understand me!" said Magdalene.

"He is a God of Love!—He will forgive and pity—teach and redeem you, Magdalene. He [illegible] for me every day."

"I have had no wrong—[illegible] and ask no pity!"

"Will you tell me about it, Magdalene?" asked Virginia, gently, as she kneeled down to her travelling trunk to take out her night-dress.

"No, I did not intend to say anything—it escaped me! I will see you at rest, Miss Washington, and bid you good-night!"

"Oh, no! do not leave me! stay with me all night!—Indeed you must; for if you go and lie on the settle, *I* shall not sleep at all."

"You need not be troubled for me, Miss Washington, I shall be very comfortable."

"Magdalene!" said she, caressingly, "*do* stay with me; in a strange room I feel somehow afraid to stay alone, besides, I want to talk to you a great deal."

"I will stay with you, then, Miss Washington."

"Call me Virginia."

"Virginia, then—I will stay with you, and I think that I shall even prefer it, for I feel as if I should love you, Virginia!" said Magdalene, gravely.

But at this, Virginia laughed aloud, and throwing her arms around Magdalene's neck, impetuously hugged her, until all her resplendent red ringlets swept around our gipsy child, enveloping her as in a flame, crowing—

"Oh, you Magdalene!—you star-bright Magdalene!—yes! still and bright! high and solemn as the stars! You are coming on to love me, slowly, darkly, coldly, as the night comes on to love the earth—and you tell me so, Indian princess! with such an owl-like gravity! Now when *I* tell any one I love them, I *sing* it into them!—dance it at them!—let it loose in a rain of sunbeams around them!—rattle it in a hail-storm upon them!—shower it in a deluge of meteors about them!—batter them with it!—bombard them with it!—dazzle, bewilder, confound and terrify them with it! Oh! I'm a galvanic battery to those I love! Take care of me!" All this time she was hugging Magdalene spasmodically with her arms, at the same time that she was dancing frantically with her feet, convulsed as it were, with the very exuberance and wantonness of life, fun, and frolic. "Magdalene!" she said, at last, "you are the first girl I ever met with, and I love you so dearly."

"You are also the first girl I ever met with, and, Virginia, I feel that I shall love you very much!" said Magdalene, quietly, and without returning her fervent caresses.

"The future tense! always the future tense, thou far seeing little priestess!" laughed Virginia, gathering her flashing ringlets, and crowding them into a little lace cap.

When the little girls were in bed, and Virginia had thrown her arms around the neck of Magdalene and dropped her head upon her bosom—she whispered—

"Are you sleepy, Magdalene?"

"No, I told you that I could not sleep to-night."

"Neither can *I*—everything seems so strange and charming! Well, then, Magdalene, we will talk—do you know that this is not the first time that we have slept together?"

"No!" said Magdalene, with serene surprise, "I did not know it!"

"Really! but did you not know that we had been foster sisters?"

"Had been—*what*?"

"That you and I had been nursed at the same bosom, and slept in the same cradle for the first six months of our lives!—that is to say, until our mother went to Heaven!"

"No, I knew nothing of all this: it is all strange and new to me—I never thought we had met before—I only knew we were both orphans."

Virginia then began, and told her all she knew, from hearsay, of their mutual history, and this only dated from the day of Magdalene's adoption by Mary Washington. In conclusion, she said—

"Magdalene, they tell me that I did not cry when our mother went to Heaven, because I did not know it; but that when you—from whom I had never been parted an hour, sleeping or waking—when you were taken from me—that then I stormed like a young hurricane—while you who were not like me, fire and tow—you, patient child, and slow to anger, suffered yourself to be carried off without a murmur. Well, then, Magdalene, they tell me that my brother was brought to [illegible], but my adopted brother Joseph, and that he only could quiet me. I believe that! Oh! Magdalene! that brother of mine! that brother Joseph!—our angel-mother had such faith in him, child as he was, that she begged grandfather never to part us until we grew up, and our road in life divided of itself. Well, Magdalene, they say that the first night I slept alone, I awoke in the night, hungry and cold—for the night was chilly—and that I cried a long time without waking Aunt Polly Pepper, who was fatigued, and slept soundly—but that little Josey was lying awake and heard me weeping, and came down and gave me the milk that sat there for me to drink, and then lay down in the cradle by me, and patted me to sleep, and that so we were found in the morning, both asleep.—So used was I to you, Magdalene, that I could not sleep without a little child—it was a habit of affection, and so after that grandfather would not let Josey and I be separated, and we slept in the same crib until I was three years old. That brother of mine, Magdalene!—oh, he is so good! so good! so faithful to rebuke my faults, yet so patient to bear with them, and so loving to forgive them! Every one else spoiled me. I should have been a very bad girl had it not been for Josey always with me. Very wilful I am, anyhow! I know I am, but very much worse I should have been but for him. Grandfather is the best and wisest man I ever knew, or heard, or read of—but he was not always with me as Joseph was, and he did not always [illegible] with me as Joseph did. It seemed to me then that Josey was [illegible]'s child, and now it seems to me that he is God's beloved disciple! Yes, I have [illegible] great faults! but if any [illegible] to the Lord, it will be Joseph!" [illegible] into a short [illegible], while as if she had fallen [illegible] Magdalene, though [illegible] "[illegible] of me—except as [illegible]" she said. "And you, this great plantation—we scarcely ever heard—certainly heard of our former [illegible] have never been suffered to forget you [illegible]. I longed for yet I have [illegible] Magdalene; and now that I do see you, [illegible] has kept [illegible] and it seems so natural to be with you, Magdalene. You do not answer me, Magdalene. You [illegible] a study. Of what are you thinking?"

Magdalene had indeed been all this time with her head within Virginia's arms, quite still and silent. Now she answered calmly,

"I am thinking of my father; I cannot long think of anything else. Do not please ask me any more about my thoughts."

And she was, with a feeling of bitter pain, strange as new, to her young heart. And long after her restless and excitable little bed-fellow had fatigued herself to sleep, Magdalene lay awake, suffering the slow but sure and bitter antipathy to fill her heart—while her thoughts concentrated themselves upon the subject—while her soul sat in judgment upon her only moral guide. This was terrible, and terrible was its effect upon the moral character of the child.

Early in the morning, Virginia jumped out of bed—and, after washing, as she stood in the morning sunshine that streamed through the window, her joyous expression, her dazzling complexion, her splendid red hair, flashing, scintillating in the rays of the sun, never had Magdalene seen so bright a human thing—so full of life and light!

"I am up, you see, Magdalene! I am so impatient to see all over this old house—this house where my forefathers have lived for more than two hundred years. You must show me all over it, Magdalene." And so she rattled on, as she hastily dressed herself in a light blue silk dress—which by chance—for Virginia was innocent of the arts of the toilet—brought out her hair and complexion radiantly. The first thing that caught her quick glance, was the book shelf. She tumbled over all the books with great curiosity, and then turning to Magdalene, inquired where hers were.

Magdalene replied that those were all she ever had had to read—that they had been left there by the Judge, as she had heard, for the use of the overseer.

"And very good books for the overseer—there are farming, gardening, grazing, and stock raising; and some of these histories—except that they are very sanguinary—are good enough for anybody. But, Magdalene, you do not say that you have read *these*?"

"Yes, all of them. I have had no others to read. And as for the sanguinary histories, I like them very much. I am a little girl, but when I read of the martyrdoms, I know that I also could clench my teeth and hands, and suffer to be flayed alive, before I would do—"

"Anything wrong?"

"Anything I did not want to do."

"I wish it was so with me, but I am timid except when my Norse blood is up, and then I am violent, though my excitement is like a blaze of straws, soon gone. Ah, me, I wish I *had* strength and courage and self-command!"

"I have *those*, but, I wish I had the power of forgetting and forgiving!"

"Some one has wronged you, Magdalene, and you do not wish to tell me, and I will not ask you who it is—but this I will say, that if every one *I* am sometimes unjust or unkind to, treasured it up against me, I should be very unhappy and altogether discouraged from trying to be good. Now I am going to tell you something pleasant to put all gloomy feelings away!" added the child, suddenly changing her grave tone to one of cheerfulness—"Oh, Magdalene! I shall have such pleasure in introducing you to my books, the Arabian Nights, and oh! the book I have lately begun to like—by the unknown author of Waverley. Yes, Magdalene! you shall some day go with me to my island home, my little kingdom, of which I am the solitary little queen, and I will show you my little palace of white free stone, and my library, and my garden—my ocean isle, where Joseph says that father, I, and Bruin live like Prospero, Miranda and Caliban—only I am a very naughty little Miranda, and Bruin is a very amiable Caliban."

As they were now both dressed, the girls went out into the hall, where the breakfast-table was set, and where the family and visitors had already gathered. As Virginia made her appearance, Joseph arose from his seat, and approaching her with an expression of ineffable tenderness and affection beaming from his serenely beautiful face, took her hand, pressed it, and led her to a seat near the fire, which the chilly morning rendered necessary.

Judge Washington called Magdalene to him, and when he had held her hand and looked into her face a while, he said—with an expression not entirely of approbation—"There is a great deal of your grandfather in you, my child!"

Immediately after breakfast, Judge Washington, attended by Adam Hawk, went out to take a survey of his plantation. Bruin and Joseph left the house together to attend to the transfer of baggage from the packet to the mansion-house, which was now open and undergoing the process of being aired, cleaned, etc., for the reception of the family. During their absence, Magdalene took Virginia, at her request, all through the old farm-house, and over the garden.

That night Judge Washington's family were re-established at Prospect Hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ [illegible]. A passing traveller met with a settler near a house, and inquired—"Whose house?" "Moggs'." "Of what built?" "Logs." "Any neighbors?" "Frogs." "What is the soil?" "Bogs." "The climate?" "Fogs." "Your diet?" "Hogs." "How do you catch them?" "Dogs."

☞ Some of the New York ship builders say that black walnut is a better timber for ship building than live oak, and that its high price is the only reason why it is not [illegible]. An Ohio paper says that there is enough of this valuable timber [illegible] every year, in Ohio, to build the national marine of the Union.

Selected Sketch.

AN EVENING WITH THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

"The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

On arriving at the —— station, I found that my luggage, which was to have been sent on from town, had not arrived. There was no time to be lost, and on applying to the superintendent of the station, an order was given to make inquiries at London by means of the telegraph. Impatient to get some information about the missing baggage, I strolled to the electric telegraph office, to hear what was the answer received. But no satisfactory information had as yet been obtained; on the contrary, nothing at all was known about the matter. I wanted another message sent up to town, but on working the needles, it was found that the telegraph was engaged in corresponding with some intermediate or branch station.

The clerk, with whom I continued chatting through the little opening where all communications are given and received, was very young; but there was something in his manner that prepossessed you favorably, and, moreover, there was a total absence of that abruptness of speech and quickness of manner that seem to have become a second nature with our railway officials. At last he invited me to enter his office—the very thing I had been manœuvring for and longing to do—for as I squeezed my head through the small opening, and looked into the snug room, warmly carpeted, and, although it was the beginning of August, with a fire burning in the grate, I could just catch a glimpse of the small mahogany stand and dial of the telegraph, with which he had been talking to the people in London about my trunks, and was very desirous of [illegible] a little more. Books were lying about the [illegible] which so used to indicate a taste not only [illegible], but for its more imaginative productions. [illegible] volume [illegible] so, then, as we sat over the cheerful [illegible] about author[s], [the con]versation taking its tone from the [illegible].

"You would [illegible] I had dipped," we chatted [illegible] such an employment and such matters. [illegible] ness: how one gets [illegible]," he said, "how one has to say in as [illegible] teaches one curt-[ness]; yet with perfect clearness, [a ha]bit of saying what little articles, and I find th[at it is] possible, and [illegible] avoid all redundancy occasionally when transmitting a message. You [illegible] uncon[scious] what a lengthy affair the messages are [illegible] have given us to transmit, with so many [illegible] expressions that make the inquiry, or what[ever] it may be, nearly twice as long as necessary. [In] delivering it, we cut it down about one-half, and yet our version tells all that is to be said quite as intelligibly as the original."

"The cause, no doubt, is that those who want to give some information about a missing thing are anxious to describe it with all exactness, in order to make as sure as possible of its being recognized."

"But the details on such occasions," he answered, "are really without end. Now we, for our parts, seize on the salient features; we give the necessary marks or tokens, and those only. For nothing is the telegraph so often put in requisition as to inquire about ladies' dogs that are missing. Hardly a day passes without such inquiries. And such descriptions! A perfect history of the animals' habits and virtues! it seems they never can say enough. I have often thought how they would be shocked did they but see how all the long history of their favorites is condensed into a couple of lines. And yet it answers the purpose as well."

He here turned round to the dial-plate of the telegraph, and after a moment's watching, looked again into the volume, the leaves of which he was turning over.

"Was any one speaking to you?" I asked.

"Not to me; they are talking with the —— station."

"But how did you know it? what made you look up?" I asked.

"Because I heard the wires."

"That's very strange," I observed; "my hearing is unusually fine, yet I heard nothing."

"It is habit; besides, perhaps, you heard the vibration too without knowing what it was. My ears are so alive to the sound, that, as I sit here reading, the instant the hands of the dial move, I hear them. That low click-click attracts my attention as surely as the bell."

"There is an alarm, is there not, which sounds when the clerk's attention is required?"

"Yes," he said; "this is it." And so saying he touched a wire, and instantly a hammer struck upon a bell, making a slow, penetrating, long-continued noise. "But I generally stop the communication with it, for it is so loud, that it is extremely disagreeable to be disturbed by the ringing of that thing at one's shoulder. Besides, I hear the other just as well, let me be never so immersed in what I am about."

I now heard such a snap as takes place when on putting your knuckles to an electric machine the spark is produced. It was repeated, and on looking up, I saw the needles moving to and fro. The clerk observed them for a moment, and then rising, went to the machine. Backwards and forwards they went, to the right and to the left, then with a jerk half way back again—left, right, left—left, left—jerk, jerk—right, left, jerk, and so on; while the clerk, who held two handles hanging from the instrument in his hands, every now and then would also give a good rattle with them, and pull them right and left, and give an answering jerk. All the time, of course, he was looking fixedly at the dial-plate, as he would have done into the countenance of a person who was speaking to him, and whose character he in fact would learn from his looks. Jerk, jerk, jerk—rattle, rattle, rattle—all was done; and writing down the message on a slate beside him, he copied it afterwards on a paper to give to one of the porters. It was about some boxes sent on to —— by the last train.

"I knew what clerk sent down that message," he said. "It was ——."

"But how do you know which clerk it was?"

"By the manner of his handling the needles, and their corresponding movements. I am as sure who is working them as if I saw the person with my eyes. You, of course, would not detect any difference in the vibrations, yet there is a very great difference. There may be timidity, indecision, flurry, or firmness, in their movements. You see quite clearly if the person speaking to you is master of what he is about; if he does it with ease and decision, or if he is spelling his way, and anxious about getting through the matter well. And it is not only the quickness of the delivery that shows whether the person is skilful or not, but his very character communicates itself to the wires, and shows itself in the movements of the needles."

"How strange—and it is really possible?"

"That is a man's movements [illegible] of his character [illegible] will allow. Well, as he takes hold of the handles to work the telegraph, so does it in a way corresponding with his own particular individuality. That is communicated to the wires, and here on the dial-plate I see the same man before me. The person I just mentioned is a very good fellow, but cautious, undecided—never sure whether what he does will be quite right or not. He is always hesitating; as soon as his hand touches the instrument, I know it is he instantly. There go the needles slowly from one side to the other, as if not quite certain about going across or not; they never go back suddenly, but always take their time, and move right or left hesitatingly, and with no spirited swing. It is unlike the man who is moving them as it is possible to be. It is quite a reflex of his mind; there is the impress of him exactly as he is. And it is very natural it should be so. The least hesitation or doubt communicates itself involuntarily to the hands as you hold the handles working the telegraph; and so fine and sympathetic is the conducting power—so sensitive are the wires—that every passing shade of feeling is felt by them. On the dial-plate it is all betrayed. Just as the mind of him at the other end of the wire is wavering, exactly so the needles are wavering, too. Now he feels more sure; and yet that very same instant the change that has gone on within him is marked there also; the needles swing directly with sudden decision."

"This is really very interesting," I said; "and it is besides, to me at least, a new wonder connected with electric communication. That one should be able to talk with a person a hundred miles off, as if they were both face to face, is certainly extraordinary; but that the affections of the mind and their sudden varyings should be instantaneously transmitted such a distance—perhaps even before the individual himself was aware of them—this is assuredly very much more wonderful!"

"It is not," he continued, "in the manner of delivering a communication only that you discover the sort of person with whom you have to do. The way in which he receives yours is also very indicative. One, slow of thought, will let you give the whole word; while another, of quick comprehension, and of a bolder nature, will give the sign, 'I understand,' at the first letters. The very jerk, too, which signifies that you know what is meant, is given by one with a decided, sure, firm knock; while with another, of a hesitating character, the needles seem to be hesitating, too!"

"Just now," said I, "while you were receiving a message, I observed that every now and then you gave an unusually strong jerk—much stronger than the others. What did that mean?"

"Oh," said he, laughing, "that was an indignant 'Understand!' The other was stopping to see if I knew well what he had said, and I showed, by my manner of saying yes, that I was out of patience with his distrust. Such an 'Understand,' given in that brusque manner, is not exactly very civil; but I really can't help it—one gets at last out of patience with such dawdling."

"And will the other, think you, understand that his questions and slowness put you out of patience?"

"No doubt of that. I knew he understood the way I answered him, and was sulky about it, for his manner changed directly. In the way I said 'I understand,' was expressed besides, 'Of course I understand! Do get on, can't you, and don't stop to ask such foolish questions!' That is what we call an indignant 'understand!'"

All this interested me much; and we talked on, now about a favorite author lying on the table, now of this thing, now of that, only interrupted occasionally by the click-click of the machine, that, like a something endued with [illegible] calling its attendant to come to it, and a sort of [illegible]. But while there, as one in presence of such a thing, the telegraph exercise would have [illegible] me; and I always recurred to [it].

"You must [illegible] conversation on other matters [illegible]?" I observed [illegible] at any other time. [illegible] some one here to watch telegraph for a moment?"

"Yes; I or my brother. [illegible] must be always [illegible]. We take it by turns. Night [illegible] in readiness! [illegible] is gone to-day some[where], always [illegible] have taken his watch for him. [illegible] I am [illegible] before; to-night, therefore, will be [illegible] night I have been up!"

"It must be very fatiguing for you, be[illegible]; you cannot venture to doze a little, lest something should happen."

"Though I were to do so, if the wires began to move, I should awake directly. I cannot tell you how or why it is, but if there is the slightest tremor, I am sensible of it at once. Whether I hear it or feel it, I do not exactly know, but I am sensible that they are moving!"

"By intense watchfulness, by constant companionship with that animate yet lifeless thing, a sort of sympathy, or magnetic influence—call it what you will—may exist between you and it!" I observed.

"It may be so," he replied, "but really I cannot say. The strain of attention that all occupation with the telegraph produces, is very great. While reading off the communications just given, your mind is on the stretch. The intentness of observation with which you must follow the needles in their movements, is very fatiguing. There is nothing hardly that demands such minute attention; for, a slight mistake, and you lose the thread of the meaning, and this directly causes delay. Besides which, you get confused."

"This constant state of excitement must, I should think, at last make itself felt. It would be highly interesting to observe the influence it would exercise. Now, in yourself, have you," I asked, "remarked that any change has taken place since you have been occupied with the telegraph—that you are more irritable and excitable than before—or that the constant tension in which the faculties are kept has at all affected you?"

"I think it has made me more excitable than I was before. It certainly has an effect upon the nerves. The vibration of the needles, for example, I should hear much farther off than you would—so far, indeed, that you would think it scarcely credible."

"Besides the constant attention and the night-watching, I have no doubt that the incessant, quick, uncertain motion of the needles backwards and forwards, and from side to side,—that constant tremulousness which you are obliged to observe and to follow so closely must tend to irritate."

"Yes," he said, "I dare say it is so. At night, however, one is seldom interrupted. Towards morning the foreign mails arrive, and then the despatches for the newspapers have to be transmitted. This takes about a couple of hours of more close, uninterrupted work. When a correspondence continues thus long without a break, it is very tiring for the mind. As soon as it is over, all has to be written down in a book; this is the most uninteresting part of our occupation. Every message, important or not, is entered in a journal, and then, from time to time, the accounts and money received are sent in, and the journals at the different offices compared, to see that all is right. All this is tiresome enough, but it must be done."

"In this way you hear all the foreign news before any one else. When the first morning edition appears, to you it is already stale. I wonder, though, that persons who have anything secret and important to transmit, should like to trust their secret to two individuals wholly unknown to them."

"Oh, there is no fear of our divulging any thing," he replied. "Get something out of an electric telegraph clerk if you can! Besides, we are forced to the strictest secrecy; bound, too, in a good round sum of money, which we must deposit as security. There is nothing to be got out of us, I can assure you. It would never do if it were otherwise, for often matters of very great importance are forwarded in this way, and the confidence placed in us must be entire, and our secrecy above even suspicion."

He afterwards showed me his dwelling. Close to the office was a sitting-room, and opposite this the kitchen, &c. Above stairs were the bed-rooms; and though all was on a small scale, the arrangements were as comfortable as one could wish. I observed this to my new acquaintance, and that all was neat and well planned.

"Yes," he answered, "it is so. The company have not been sparing in making us comfortable. All is as nice as we could desire it to be. It is really very necessary, however, that it should be so; for, being obliged to be always here ready and on the watch, one could hardly

[illegible]

do without those little comforts. My brother and I are happy enough together."

"I should think," I observed, "the employment must have much in it that is pleasant—a charm peculiar to itself?"

"You are right," he said; "at first it possessed an indescribable charm. There was something mysterious about it; and it was with a strange feeling, unlike any thing I had ever known, that I used to find myself holding converse with others far off, and watching, as it were, their countenances in the dial-plate. But the novelty over, all this died away; and though I still like the employment, it is no longer invested with its original charm."

"Were you long in learning to work?" I inquired.

"Not very long—it is not so difficult; but it takes a long time before you are able to read the communications sent to you—that is to say, quickly and easily. The speed with which a message is conveyed depends much on the person receiving it: for if he is quick and clever, he will understand what the words are before they are spelled to the end; and so, meeting the other, as it were, half-way, the communication is carried on with great rapidity."

Here the hammer of the alarum, which, before we went into the other room, had been set, began making a tremendous noise.

"Ha!" said I, "some one is about to speak with you."

We went to the door of the little parlor, and looked into the office at the needles. They were moving backwards and forwards with their usual click-click.

"Is it for you?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "so many times to the right, and so many times to the left, that signifies ——— station."

"What is it about?" I inquired, as I watched the two needles, which, by their different movements over the small segment of a circle, expressed everything.

"It's about the down-train to-morrow. We are to send up some carriages."

"And were is it from?"

"From the chief station in town."

The needles soon moved again.

"Is it still the people in London who are speaking?"

"No; now it is the ——— station."

I now had an opportunity of seeing how quickly my companion read the movements of the needles. Incessantly came the jerk, meaning "I understand;" again and again at quickly-repeated intervals. Once there was an unusual movement, and I afterwards inquired what it meant.

"It meant," he replied, "'Say that once more.'" I could not make out what was said; and, just as I imagined, the other clerks had made a mistake."

Now came the answer; and it was astonishing how quickly it was delivered. As one's words pour out of the mouth in speaking, so here they were poured forth by handsful. How the needles rushed backwards and forwards, then halted; now came a quick shake, and then off they dashed to the side with a bold decided swing! There was no hesitation here. Rattle, rattle, rattle; right, left, right; on it went without a pause; and soon the people at ——— had got their answer from the snug little parlor at the ——— station.

The evening had closed in, and there I still sat over the fire. A fire—a coal-fire in an English grate has a wonderful attraction for an Englishman who has been a long time from his old home. This was the case with myself; and therefore it was, I suppose, that I hung about the hearth as one does about a spot that is fraught with pleasant recollections. It was quiet, and cheerful, and cozy. Presently the clicking noise was heard again.

"Ah, ah! it is from the ——— station," said my companion, rising. "It is a friend of mine who is speaking," he continued. "He wants to know if I shall come up next Sunday or not. 'I—don't—think—I shall,'" he said, repeating the words he was expressing by the wires. "He asks me if 'I am alone.' 'No—a—friend—is—here—with me.'"

"I am glad you have somebody with you, and are not alone, for it is most confoundedly dull," came back in reply.

"Almost every evening," said my companion, "we have a little chat before night comes on. He does not like being alone, so he talks with me."

"Who have you got with you?" asked my friend so lonesome at the ——— station. [illegible]

"No—one—you—know," was the [illegible]

"I tell you what," I said, laughing, [illegible] him a riddle. Ask him, [illegible] Adam first use a walking-stick [illegible]

"When Eve presented [illegible]" I exclaimed; "[illegible] (cane)," came back [illegible] and we both laughed.

"Confound the [illegible] am sure he knew [illegible] fellow—I'm—sure—he [illegible] heartily. [illegible]" repeated my companion, [illegible]

"Confound [illegible] knew [illegible] the needles," I said; "how they are [illegible]

"Yes, he is laughing," he replied; "that means laughing! He is laughing heartily!"

Shake! shake! shake! shake! We laughed too in return by telegraph, just as we were then doing in reality. Another hearty laugh came back, with a "Good-night!" We wished "Good night" in return, and our bit of chat was over.

And soon after, bidding my friend a good night, too, I left him to pass the long hours till morning in companionship with that wonderful thing, which, though lifeless, was so sensitive, and though inanimate, could yet make itself heard by him who was appointed its watcher; its low yet audible vibrations being as the pulsations of a heart that at intervals, by its faint beating gives sign of vitality.

Life in Utah.

THE MORMONS.

[A late number of the National Era, contains a letter (dated Sept. 20, 1850,) from "Great Salt Lake City," from which we extract the following very interesting account of the Mormons and their Settlement.]

This is a singular community; consistency and inconsistency, light and darkness, bigotry and toleration, are strangely blended.

Reasoning clearly and logically, as they do, respecting man's natural rights and duties, and having established the largest liberty for others they are themselves the *veriest slaves* of the priesthood.

Over religious, and professing an unbounded reverence for all things sacred, believing that they are the chosen people, and have direct communication with God Himself, they make the Sabbath a day of amusement and recreation, of balls and fandangoes; and profanity is as common here as prayers are at Oberlin. Even the priests can, many of them, utter oaths that would make an ordinary Christian's man's hair stand up.

Collected as they are from all parts of the world, and having been mobbed and persecuted, and driven from Ohio to Missouri, and from Missouri to Illinois, and from Illinois to the desert and mountains, they are still devotedly attached to the American Union, and would stand by it and defend it to the very last. In fact, they believe that the Constitution of the United States was written by inspiration; and whatever others may do, they intend to defend it, and support it, till the final consummation of all things. They say that our Government is the best that the world ever *has* produced, or ever *will* produce till Jesus Christ shall come and claim the Earth as His inheritance, and reign over it Himself.

There is but little known respecting their religious creed by the world at large, and even the more ignorant "saints," as they call themselves have never penetrated the sublime arcana of their religion.

A belief that Jo Smith and his successors were prophets, and held intercourse with the other world, and possessed all the gifts bestowed upon the Disciples, and that the book of Mormon was discovered and translated by inspiration, is usually supposed to comprise the theory of Mormonism; but this is by *no* means the case.—Though commenced in ignorance, they have finally perfected a *grand theory*, in the construction of which the mystic lore of the Brahmins, and the traditions of the Jews, and the precepts of Mahomet, and the vagaries of Swedenborg, all seem to have been pressed into the service, and having sifted, culled, and abridged, all these different systems, till they in some measure coalesce, they have cemented them together, with a few ideas of their own, and this is Mormonism.

Among other things, they believe that there are certain fixed principles or laws in Nature, which are superior to, and independent of, the gods themselves; that all miracles are performed on superatural principles, and that the gods themselves can only work by the means that exist in Nature. They believe that their priests have intercourse with God; that is, with the God who has dominion over this earth, (for they believe in Polytheism,) and that he has the sagacity and wisdom to trace cause to effect, and thus to foresee events of a thousand years hence, as clearly as we can see those that are transpiring around us. And thus, they can prophesy concerning things that shall take place at a period remote in the future with as much precision as we could predict that a ball thrown up in the air would come down again, or that upon a certain day there should be an eclipse of the moon.

I remarked that they believe in Polytheism.—They believe that there is a succession of gods, rising one above another in intelligence and power *ad infinitum*, and that every intelligence in existence will continue to rise higher and higher, and approximate nearer and nearer to perfection in an infinite progression. That in every new state or stage of existence the mind will receive new light and power, till each will in succession pass through all the different stages, from the lowest degree to the brute, from brute to man, from man to angel, from angel to God, and so upward.

They believe that creation will progress eternally, and that in every new state each one will receive more and more dominion according to his necessity; that we are in the middle, so to speak, or have reached a certain state, and that intelligences extend both upward and downward *ad infinitum*; that some are as much below our comprehension as others are above it, but that every one betters his condition on the whole in each probation, though he enters it much in the same condition as that in which he left the preceding one. But if you wish a sermon on Mormon theology, there are brethren in Washington.

I believe that no one who has witnessed the friendship and harmony that prevail here, and shared the hospitality of these people, and seen their industry, and frugality, and benevolence, will quarrel with them about their religion, however strange or absurd it may seem.

I assure you it is a pleasant sight, after having travelled twelve hundred miles across the deserts and mountains, to look down upon this beautiful valley, with its lakes and mountains, and mountains and lakes, and dotted all over with the little white houses, the gardens, and the farms, of these enterprising pioneers. They have been here but three years, and in that time they have opened good farms, built houses and barns, erected mills of various kinds, made bridges across the rivers, built school-houses, and established schools, built a State-House, chartered a University, and, in fact, they have done more to advance the real prosperity of a State than some of the original thirteen.

The present population of Deseret is estimated at about 30,000, and this year's immigration will swell the number to 40,000, and I presume the immigration will increase in a geometrical ratio, as the people here have raised a large fund to assist the poor of their church in the old States and in Europe, who wish to come here to settle.—They last year sent out $6,000, and the sum has this year been augmented to $500,000. This is raised by voluntary contributions, and deposited, with trustees, and loaned in small sums at 7 per cent. to assist in buying teams and outfits to cross the plains.

The teams so bought will sell here for more than enough to pay the debt and interest, so all parties are benefited, and the original sum is constantly increasing.

The wheat crop of this season is estimated at from 500,000 to 1,000,000 bushels. The climate and soil seem remarkably well adapted to wheat. There is no weevil, nor fly, nor winter killing, nor rust—smut is its only enemy. Fifty bushels per acre is about an average crop. Corn is an unprofitable crop, and there is but little raised.—Other grains usually do pretty well. Stock of all kinds do remarkably well, and require but very little feed in winter. There have been a great many sheep brought in this year, and there will be several woollen factories erected next summer. Powder has been manufactured here ever since the first settlement; and judging from all indications, it will be needed soon, as the Snakes and Utahs have banded themselves together, and are becoming very insolent, committing their depredations, and robbing in open day-light, and daring the whites to resist. There seems a probability of a general war. A [illegible] band of the Utahs became hostile last win[ter]; they were pursued to the mountains [illegible] fifty of them killed, since which they [illegible] quite peaceable until recently.

But I must give you a more [illegible] is situated [illegible] is watered by [illegible] tion of the city and valley [illegible] streams, that are at the foot of the mountains [illegible] to every house two clean, rushing [illegible] it is, at present, about [illegible] carried by inun[illegible] two miles broad, and is laid [illegible] and garden squares, each lot being large [illegible] seven miles [illegible] buildings and a garden. The [illegible] out is mostly built of "adobes," or unburnt [illegible] and are generally small, though there are [illegible] good buildings going up this summer.—Among the public buildings are the State-House, the Council House, the Post Office, and the College building, in which a school will be opened this winter, as a branch of the University. The Temple block is yet vacant, the Mormons hold their large meetings in a large building called the Bowery, which will seat several thousand persons. They will probably commence their Temple next summer. They say they intend to erect a Temple that shall be surpassed in size and magnificence by no building on earth, and I presume they will accomplish it, as they are all zeal, and as rich as gold can make them. The population of the city is about 5,000. There are several smaller cities or villages in different parts of the valley.

The valley is here about twenty miles broad. It is very smooth, and ascends gradually from the lake to the base of the mountains, which then rise abruptly, and, in many places, almost perpendicularly to the region of perpetual snow.—The summits of the mountains are frequently obscured by clouds, but in a clear day the scenery here is decidedly the finest I ever saw. Fremont has justly remarked that the Great Basin is, in many respects, much like Western Asia; and I will add, that this valley bears a striking resemblance to Palestine. We here have the Salt Lake, with no visible outlet, and so strongly impregnated with minerals that fish cannot live in it, which makes a very good Dead Sea. We have sulphur, and naptha, and manna—fact, sir,—we have *honey-dew manna*. I have, myself, collected a bottle full of it, which I shall carry with me to the States. We have boiling springs, of both fresh and salt water, and a great many other curious things. It is true, I have not yet found Lot's wife, but I have found several other wives. And I presume, that if Lieutenant Lynch were to come here he could find lots (of wives.)

The valley is remarkably healthy. Agues and bilious fevers are absolutely unknown, and the boys and girls look as fair and fresh as the flowers of May. I believe, in fact, that this whole region of country from the frontier to the Sierra Nevadas is very healthy. It is true, there has been much sickness among the emigrants this season, and out of about 50,000 who have crossed the Plains, I believe that at least 1,000 have died. But I am fully convinced that the mass of these deaths were caused by fear and over doctoring. People would be attacked with diarrhoea, which is incident to bad diet and a change of habit, take medicine, and if they did not recover instantly, get alarmed, call it cholera, feel determined to live if there was any virtue in medicine, swallow about half a pint of laudanum, get worse, double the dose, and die. I have known a man to take opium enough in one night to kill three well men, and as his comrades placed him under the sod, in the morning, you might have seen them, every now and then, pass round a bottle of laudanum and a bottle of brandy to prevent cholera.

Many laid in a very bad supply of provisions, and this day unwholesome diet proves more than a match for their stomachs. But when the system attempted to relieve itself by a relaxation, they became alarmed, and instead of modifying their diet, and taking light, digestive food, and letting nature have its course till the system become righted, they invariably commenced dosing with laudanum.

Why, a man might as well sew up his mouth to prevent vomiting, or to stop his eyes with putty because he don't sleep well, as to take laudanum to cure diarrhoea—don't you think so, Doctor?

I would rather risk my life and health on the Plains, than in any part of the United States in which I ever travelled. Any man who has good sense, and a good outfit, and no medicine, may rely upon good health and a pleasant journey in crossing the Plains.

Nearly every one who set out this year brought too much meat. People do not eat much salt meat on the road—that is, if they can get any thing else; forty pounds to the man is sufficient, and usually much less, for wild game is abundant. The Plains abound with the buffalo, elk, deer, and antelope; and the bear and gillo, or wild sheep, are found in all parts of the mountains. But next year's emigration will have but few difficulties to encounter, as the roads will be better, ferries and bridges will be established at all the bad crossings; and there are now trading posts established along the whole road, at which supplies of all kinds may be procured. Even the *Great Desert* will be removed next year, as a company of men have established a rancho on Salmon Trout River, and undertaken to turn the waters of that stream across the fifty-mile desert so that, instead of emptying into Pyramid Lake, the Salmon Trout shall fall into the sink of Humboldt or Mary's River, which is some two hundred feet lower. This will require but little labor, as nature has formed the design; and before spring there will be a continuous line of water from the Humboldt Mountains to the Sierra Nevadas.

The Mormons who went to the mines last spring are beginning to come in, and their stories and their gold have created quite a stir here, especially among the new-comers. They have nearly all been at work in the new mines on the Eastern side of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and have been as successful as heart could desire. Those who went out in March last, have brought home from $1,000 to $20,000 a piece.—I saw one man, by the name of Carpenter, who went last spring, and returned a few days ago. I asked why he returned so soon, and he quietly replied that his provisions were about to give out, and that he had as much gold as his mule could pack, and so he thought he had better come home. I saw his "pile." It looked like about five quarts, and he said it weighed over a hundred pounds; he valued it at $20,000. But they say the miners on the Western side of the mountains have not done so well this season. How it is, I do not know, as I have not been over. Labor is worth here from $1 to $10 per day. Board is from $4 to $8 per week; flour, $20 per barrel; and other provisions in proportion. Ardent spirits of all kinds are very high, as there is a duty, or fine, of one hundred per cent., *ad valorem* upon the "critter," whenever he is sold in the valley, come in whatever shape he may.—With this exception, we have perfect free trade. The settlements here feel the want of nothing so much as a railroad, connecting with the Mississippi and the Pacific. Such a road would be a giant undertaking, as we all know, but it *could be made*, and *it would pay well*—and any road that will pay, ought to be built.

If the road could be completed within five years from to-day, the trade of Deseret alone would by that time be more than sufficient to support it. But, unless it could be pushed more vigorously than the most of public works, it would not be completed so soon as that. But, even if it were completed *now*, it would yield larger dividends than any other road in the Union, as a few facts will clearly show.

The distance from the Missouri to the Pacific, as measured by the viameter, is nearly two thousand miles; but this is the distance over which the wheel actually passes, including every unimportant crook, and every slight inequality in the road, which, in a road that has never been worked, amounts to a considerable share of the distance. The actual distance, in a direct line, is less than one thousand miles—and the track of a railroad would probably measure not far from fifteen hundred miles. A road across here would cost more than a road of the same length in the States; but, as the most of the grading would be light, I think that $20,000 per mile would be amply sufficient. This would make the road cost $30,000,000. I believe the usual estimate by those acquainted with such works is about $25,000,000—but say $30,000,000. The number of persons who have crossed the Plains this year is about 50,000. The number who have gone by water probably exceeds that, which makes 100,000 who have gone to the Pacific States this year—and there have probably half as many returned as have gone, which swells the number to 150,000. Now, had there been a good road across the Plains, and had the fare been put down to $200, nearly all this travel would have passed on this road, as being cheaper, quicker, and healthier, than any other route. Besides this, had there been a road, a great many would have gone to California who have remained at home. But supposing only one-third of these had travelled on this road, which is fifty thousand—*the number who have actually crossed the Pl[ains]*—their fare, at $200, would amount to $[illegible] 000, or one-third of the original cost [illegible] the Besides this, there is all the trade [illegible] Deseret Deseretians, and all the forts [illegible] sources of profit road, and the Oregon, Cal[illegible] low estimate of mails, and many other [illegible] probably far below not enumerated. This [illegible] if the road had been the profits of the [illegible] ago, it would have more the truth. I be[illegible] by this time. A railroad completed to [illegible] additional military posts to protect than paid [illegible] would follow the course of the principal [illegible] the valleys of which are generally [illegible] of cultivation, and then, along the [illegible] the road, would be settled as fast as the [illegible] could be built.

A road around the Southern rim of the Great Basin, and touching the Mormon settlement at San Pete valley, would possess some advantages—especially that of climate—but a road along the usual route of travel would be quite practicable. There are but two points at which there would be much difficulty in obtaining timber. One is along the Platte below Laramie, and the other along the Humboldt; and timber could be floated down either of these streams in time of high water, or it could be carried on the road, if it could be commenced at the right points.

I have seen coal at four different places along this road, West of the Missouri line—on Bull Creek, in the Shawnee Country; on Deer Creek, one hundred miles above Fort Laramie; on Echo Creek, at the Eastern base of the Nobsatch Mountains; and on the Western side of the Humboldt Mountains, about two hundred miles West of this place. I saw lead, or galena, on Big Sandy, between the Kumas and Platte rivers, and also West of North Platte, below the mouth of Sweetwater. Iron is found in various places; gold is found in small quantities on the Goose Creek, between this place and Fort Hall; and the Sweetwater Mountains contain the finest marble in the world. I saw it there of every hue and shade, from the purest white to a perfect jet—and I never saw any from any country, of as fine a quality. I presume it exists there in inexhaustible quantities.

This whole region of country possesses one singular feature that is not generally known—or, at least, it is not generally known that the phenomenon is so common. From the mouth of the Platte to the Sierra Nevada Mountains, a large portion of all the moist land is in dry weather covered with salt. Below Fort Laramie it is generally a pure chloride of sodium, and appears only in small quantities, frequently resembling a heavy hoar frost. It disappears with every rain, but is held in solution by the water in the earth, till brought to the surface by capillary attraction, and deposited by evaporation in fine white crystals. Above Fort Laramie, especially North of the Platte, it is found in larger quantities, and usually mingled with other substances, the carbonate of sodium frequently predominating over the chloride. There is a small lake, or pond, near the Sweetwater, around the margin of which this salt is deposited to the depth of several inches.—There are several naptha springs around this lake. It may be smelled for two or three miles. This is called the "Alkali Lake," and is spoken of by nearly all the guide books. By the way, I would add that many of these guide books are an outrageous imposition, especially Ware's. It hits the truth scarcely as often as the almanacs do the weather—for they usually do know enough to put down warm weather for August and snow for January; and his "guide book" seems to be all guess work. The "Mission Guide" is, as far as it goes, the most reliable work of the kind that I have seen.

The most curious animal that I have seen on the Plains is the "horned frog," or "round lizard," or "air frog," as some call it. I presume it is peculiar to these plains, and I know of no other name for it. But I should presume, from the manner in which Fremont writes Latin and compound names, that he would call it the *[illegible]*, although it is by no means a *frog*, and its horns are scarcely a quarter of an inch long. It is a species of lizard, much resembling a frog, with two small horns on its head, and a row of smaller ones extending down each side.—I have had five of them in a bottle for more than three months; and, though they have had neither food nor drink, they are as lively and active as ever.

I send you the last number of the Deseret News, the only paper published in the valley.

P. S.—The Indian war has commenced in good earnest. On the night of the 21st, the Indians made an attack upon the North settlement, and did considerable mischief, burning houses and stacks of grain, and killing and driving off stock. On the first alarm, the inhabitants assembled at Captain Brown's Fort, fortified themselves as strongly as possible, and sent to the city for assistance. General Eldridge, with two hundred cavalry, and Captain McBride's light artillery, were instantly despatched to their relief. Word has been received, that upon their approach the main body of the Indians fled to the North, and that General Eldridge, leaving a small detachment to protect the inhabitants and guard a few Indians that he had picked up, pushed on in pursuit. A scouting party came in yesterday morning, and reported that a party of Indians had collected at Weber River Canon, and Capt. Green, with a company of mounted volunteers, composed principally of "Gentiles," as the "Saints" call us outsiders, started out to dislodge them. At our approach, they fired a few guns, and then fled up the mountains. We succeeded, however, in getting thirty-five of them, which exceeded our whole number. Yorrakee, a principal Snake Chief, was killed. One white man was killed, by the name of Campbell.

A. C. C.

Statistics of Trades.—Different trades and professions seem to suit the inhabitants of different countries. In London all the milkmen are Welsh; all the sugar bakers are German, and a great many of the tailors. The vast majority of the bakers are Scotch, but there is not a Scotch butcher to be found. While no theatrical performer ever came from Scotland, we have had considerable success in medicine and in law. To the literature of the country, I trust, it will be allowed that we have brought at least our fair contribution, when it is considered that there are less than 3,000,000 of inhabitants in Scotland, while there are 8,000,000 in Ireland, and 14,000,000 in England.—*Lord Campbell—Lives of the Chief Justices.*

☞ At Berlin, the fitters and makers of ladies' dresses are men, who serve a regular apprenticeship to the trade. They bitterly oppose women who try to live by the same business, because they say they are intruders.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1851.

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TERMS, &c.

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We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

A QUANDARY.

Our Government seems to have got [illegible] a pretty quandary with that of Great [illegible] will be re[illegible] which it will require all Mr. W[illegible] to extricate it. Some time [illegible] and other Sou[illegible] membered, the British G[illegible] seamen and cooks against a law of Sout[illegible] remaining in Charleston thern States, by [illegible] ports. The British Minister are imprisoned [illegible] ly, that said State laws were and other So[illegible] the present treaty between Great contende[illegible] the Union, and therefore also a violation [illegible] Constitution of the United States, Br[illegible] says:

"Art VI., Sec. 2. "This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and *all treaties* made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, *shall be the supreme law of the land*; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, *any thing in the Constitution* or Laws *of any State to the contrary notwithstanding*."

Mr. Clayton, the then Secretary of State, acknowledged this, but said, in effect, if we remember aright, that the American Government could not help it—that it could not interfere with the Southern States in this matter. Getting this answer, what does the British Minister do, but instruct the British Consul for South Carolina, to enter into direct communication with that State, to endeavor to procure the repeal of the law in question. The Governor, pleased to have an opportunity to assert the dignity and independence of South Carolina, gives the Consul a respectful answer, and refers his letter to the consideration of the Legislature.

Now the quandary we alluded to is this: President Fillmore and Mr. Webster cannot behold this new move of the British Government without interference, for the Constitution of the United States expressly declares:

"No State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops or ships of war in time of peace, *enter into any agreement or compact with another State or with a Foreign Power*, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay."

And, however this proceeding of the British Consul may steer clear of a violation of the *letter* of the Constitution, it evidently infringes upon its *spirit*, and as an opening-wedge, will probably be viewed with great dislike by our Government. But what can it say—Great Britain having *first* appealed to it in the premises? We wait with some curiosity to see whether Mr. Webster will untie, cut, or avoid the "gordian knot."

THE WASHINGTON LADIES

Grace Greenwood, who is now in Washington, gives a curious description (in the National Era) of the singular effect that the climate of that city seems to produce upon the female complexion. She says:

I am struck with the beautifying and revivifying effect which this climate seems to have on the complexion of many ladies. I never saw such brilliant color as positively illuminates the fair faces one meets on the Avenue, these sunny days. Not the deep, universal, vulgarly healthy glow which a frosty morning spreads over the countenances of your Northern beauties, but a bright, changeless carnation, which stays where it belongs, in the cheeks and lips, and never shoots up into the brow which lies like a line of snow above it, nor makes impertinent incursions into the nasal territory.

Sometimes, when I meet a lady with slight figure, thin features, and shadowed eyes, I am startled by the unvarying vividness and distinct outline of this color, and murmur sadly—"far gone in consumption—hectic—poor thing!" Don't in your cynicism suggest that all I ascribe to the climate of Washington may be but the effect of that French abomination, called *rouge*. You cannot explain away the phenomenon in that manner; but for a moment granting that the daughters of the Puritans could so be Jezebel themselves, they would surely have taste enough to put it on more delicately and artistically. Even your irreverence for the *[illegible]* of the Capital City could not go so far as to suppose it possible that matrons, whose failing eyesight prevented them from seeing what a daub they were making of it, would indulge in rouging! No; if we may no longer reverence the gray hairs of Age, because "they are not," let us at least refrain from smiting it on the cheek.

Again, I repeat, all must be referred to the climate; and if some are afflicted with too much of a good thing, it is their misfortune, not their fault—the *climate* overdoes the matter. It is strange, however, that it has no effect on my complexion. I look in vain to see the red light breaking through the pale, Spanish-brown of my cheek. But perhaps I have not been here long enough for such good fortune.

Oddly enough—for surely it can have no connection with the above—we also recently came across the following affecting piece of poetry in the Boston Post:

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE!

In beautiful ringlets her dark auburn hair
Fell over a neck than marble more fair—
Ah! yes it was!
The [illegible] bloom of her rosate mouth
Was [illegible] raised at the South
I guess it was!

Bewitching the light that dwelt in her eyes;
And blacker than any old raven that flies,
I'll bet they were!
The radiant glances her lovers beguile,
And crowds of them, wooing, were seeking her smile;
I'll bet they were!

I told of my love, and I begged her to speak,
And one glowing kiss I pressed on her cheek,
She fainted!
The roses had fled from a circular spot,—
I thought it was nature; alas! it was not;
She painted!

FLAX COTTON.

The latest we have in relation to this important subject, is contained in a letter from a London correspondent of the North American, of this city, dated January 10th. He says:

Further experiments have this week been made at Manchester, with the recent discovery of adapting flax fibre to cotton machinery. The yarn has been woven upon a new circular loom, and the texture is stated to be even and regular. The Chevalier Claussen now intends to spin finer yarns, with two-thirds flax fibre and one-third cotton, up to 60's. It is discovered, however, that one great difficulty in the way of an extensive application of M. Claussen's invention is the totally inadequate supply of the raw material. Manchester alone consumes seven hundred and seventy millions of pounds of cotton annually; and in order to supply the manufacturers to one-half this extent, as a substitute for cotton, the produce of two thousand acres of flax would be required daily, or about seven hundred and thirty thousand acres annually. The present quantity of flax grown in Great Britain amounts, it is said, to less than one-seventh of that number.

SUGAR REFINING.

Our readers will remember an account published by us some weeks ago, of a new mode of refining sugar, by applying centrifugal power.—It already has been introduced at New Orleans. A coarse brown sugar, bought for 4½ cents, was converted into an article worth 6½ cents, in exactly six minutes. The invention is of English origin, and dates some two years back. Howland, Aspinwall & Co., are the owners of the patent for the United States and Cuba. Arrangements are on foot for introducing the machine on sugar plantations generally.

"The National Flag" is the name of a spirited little paper recently started in this city. If it wants to succeed, it must take care and not to *flag*.

PAINE'S LIGHT.

Mr. Paine's brother, and assistant in his experiments, has written a letter to the Boston Transcript, giving the reasons which have impelled Mr. Paine to act so curiously (as it seemed to the public,) in relation to his alleged discovery of the Magneto-Electric Light. We give the letter in full:

Mr. Paine's Discovery.—The following interesting letter, (says the Transcript,) though bearing date some weeks since, did not reach us till yesterday:—

Mr. Editor:—During the past two years I have been the assistant of Mr. H. M. Paine, in his experiments of decomposing water by Magneto Electricity, and have, in common with him and the rest of his family, borne the reproach and contumely so lavishly bestowed by the public press during that period. I say *borne* it, because I could, at any time, have shown that my brother was undeserving of the treatment he received; and I should certainly have done so immediately after the Report of the *Scientific Committee*, had not the pecuniary interest of others kept me silent. But I have at length determined that the dollar shall no longer weigh against the life of my brother, and the peace of his family; and I feel confident that, however he, and others interested, may deprecate my present course, they will ultimately acknowledge it to be right.

Everything that has been stated with reference to the discovery in its favor, as far as my knowledge extends, has been correct, with the exception of its *safety*. The water is decomposed, or resolved into its gaseous state in abundance, and at a cost of the interest of the machine only; but it *cannot be safely done*, as the testimony of nine severe explosions, in as many months, will amply prove. The great difficulty is found governing the electric currents in their accumulations and discharge *in* the or *at* the elec[illegible]—the continuous varying electrical st[illegible] atmosphere baffling all mechanical [illegible] yet been brought to bear on the [illegible]

With a certain electrical sta[illegible] immediately [illegible] phere, the apparatus has been [illegible] repulsion weeks without any difficul[illegible] and they that a change of excess [illegible] would take place at [illegible] was certain that he would melt like so [illegible]; and he commenced

Last Spring, [illegible] his house. For a few had overcome [illegible] well; but one clear, cold morning lighting [illegible] was roused by a report like a six[illegible] weeks all [illegible] in a moment after, he appeared, ing, from head to foot. The decomposing [illegible] exploded. He then ceased to evolve the [illegible] for purposes of heating the house, and [illegible] the apparatus by hand only sufficient to generate enough for lighting purposes. It was at this stage of affairs that the "Scientific Committee" made their Report; and you will perceive that I had sufficient cause to be backward in experimenting, besides the orders of my brother to the contrary.

For eighteen months past he has been incessantly employed in remedying this only obstacle; and although he is sanguine that he has now accomplished it, I fear a disappointment; nor do I hope to witness his success till such a time as a mistaken, though just press, has ceased to harass a mind ever sensitive to ridicule.

I hope I have now satisfied the anxious, doubtful, triumphant, skeptical inquiry, "If he has made this discovery, why don't he bring it out?" The anxiety to meet this bitter sneering of the skeptical world, has endangered the success of the whole discovery. Incessant mental toil, without sleep for weeks, unfit the strongest minds for healthy action; and yet such a course has my brother been compelled to pursue by the action of such men as composed the Scientific Committee.

Respectfully yours,
GEORGE P. PAINE.

Quinebaug, Conn., Jan. 7th, 1851.

This letter, which probably gives the true explanation of Mr. Paine's mysterious conduct, will naturally create more faith in Mr. Paine's alleged discovery. For, doubtless, the danger of explosion can be, in some manner, obviated. It is a pity, however, that the true state of the case was not told at first,—or, else, the whole thing kept secret until the invention was perfected.

DEATH OF AUDUBON.

John James Audubon, the distinguished ornithologist, died at his residence on the banks of the Hudson, on the 27th of last month, aged seventy-six years. He was born in Louisiana,—being the son of an Admiral in the French Navy. Taken to Paris when young, he received an excellent education, learning among other things the art of painting, which he afterwards practiced with such great success. Early enraptured with the study of natural history, he pursued it through life with constant and untiring footsteps.

He took up his residence in Kentucky in 1810, traversed the forests and sailed down the streams, sketching and describing the various birds which attracted his notice. For twenty years he continued these perilous and romantic excursions, enduring all kinds of vicissitudes and privations. His great work, the Ornithological Biography, is the result of these labors. One hundred and seventy-five subscriptions, at one thousand dollars each, paid him the price of his labor. Eighty of them were taken in our own country, the rest were subscribed in Europe. His fame as a naturalist had preceded him to Europe, and in 1824, when he went to that country to publish his work, Herschel, Cuvier, and his old friend Humboldt, who had penetrated the same tropical regions with him, were delighted to honor him. At the age of sixty he had all the sprightliness and vigor of a young man. In person he was tall, and remarkably well made. His aspect sweet and animated. His whole head was remarkably striking. The forehead high, arched; the hairs of the brow prominent, particularly at the root of the nose, which was long and aquiline; chin prominent, and mouth characterized by energy and determination. The eyes were dark gray, set deeply in the head, and as restless as the glance of the eagle. He had no faith in genius, but believed that a man could make himself whatever he pleased, and if all possessed his energy and determination perhaps they could. As an illustration of his decision of character, the following are given:

"On one occasion, when some great and perilous adventure was proposed to him by a friend, he decided to undertake it. On being asked when he would commence his journey, he replied 'To-morrow!' When the sun arose, Audubon was on his way. Another illustration, quite as significant, will be found in his own writings. It was at a period when he had lost all—nearly a thousand—of his drawings by fire, and had no means of replacing them but by the renewal of the labors which had created them. He has said of that event, 'The burning heat which rushed through my brain, when I saw my loss, was so great I slept not for several nights, and my days were oblivion—but I took up my gun, note-book and pencils, and went forth to the woods as gayly as if nothing had happened. I could make better drawings than before—in three years my portfolio was filled.'"

NEW FANGLED LOTTERIES.

The Massachusetts Legislature, as well as the New York City authorities, are moving against lottery gambling, such as Art Unions, Gift Concerts, &c. The question is, do they come under the ordinary laws against lotteries? Further legislation is proposed.

We had our doubts, when we first heard of the Art Union system to encourage the Fine Arts, whether it was safe to adopt the lottery principle, even in this modified form—but we have our *doubts* no longer. We are now convinced that if lotteries be tolerated at all, they must be allowed to have their full swing. To tell people that they shall not gamble for money, though they may for pictures, books, watches, and fancy articles, is too inconsistent to be tolerated. Under the thin disguise of encouraging painting, music, literature and *trade*, (and why not the last as well as the first?) the lottery system is extending on every side. If this be tolerated, money lotteries must soon follow. We therefore suggest to the members of the various Art Unions, in States where lotteries are not tolerated, to meet together and disband their associations. We believe that a very great majority of the members of all such institutions are opposed to the lottery system, though, for a good object, they have thought it allowable to avail themselves of its aid. But if you give Satan an inch, he will take an ell—and try hard for you in the bargain. Consider this matter, friends.

THE WEATHER.

Whenever we have an unusually mild Winter, almost every one declares that the Winters are certainly getting warmer than they used to be in the old times. Without pretending to decide this point, we append an extract from the journal of the Rev. Thomas Smith, of Falmouth, Maine, kept by him a century ago, which proves that their Winters also were occasionally very genial. He is speaking of the Winter of 1750-51:

January 6th.—No snow on the ground. 7th.—Snow-storm. 13th.—Thaw. 15th.—The frost is entirely out of the ground. 21st.—Weather like May. 24th.—This Winter will go down memorable to posterity.

February.—This month has been more like Spring than Winter—moderate generally, and several days as warm as May. 18th.—Pleasant weather still. This Winter ends—a wonder through the world.

March 5th.—Snow-storm. 15th.—Fine Spring weather the rest of the month, except the last four days.

THE BOSTON RAPPINGS.

Seven gentlemen—vouched for as men of integrity and intelligence, one of them a physician—have come out in the Boston Transcript with a statement relative to the rappings in Mr. Le Roy Sunderland's house. They report very singular doings on the part of the "spirits"—the raising up of the centre table entirely from the floor, overturning it in their laps and on the floor five times, &c., &c. They say, in conclusion:

We can only say, that we have been profoundly impressed with the conviction that no human agency whatever was used in the production of the phenomena we have described.

ENOUGH.

Jenny Lind's Concerts, on her return to New York, are, it is said, to be given at Castle Garden, and the price of tickets will be uniformly one dollar.

And one dollar is enough to give to hear even Jenny sing. All above one dollar is positive extortion—and Jenny would not like to be classed among extortioners—and those "who grind the faces of the poor" follows that with the hearts of the ladies by treating them to concerts and soirees.

New Publications.

The Christian Examiner and Religious Miscellany. January, 1851. Boston: Wm. Crosby & H. P. Nichols. Willis P. Hazard, Agent, No. 178 Chestnut Street, Philada.

In this periodical, among other good articles, we notice one of great interest entitled "Dr. Howe's Reports upon Idiocy." The attempt, which at first sight would seem hopeless, of instructing idiots and elevating them in the scale of humanity, has been successful to a wonderful degree in schools established in France. The following is extracted from a letter written by Mr. George Sumner, in 1848.

EDUCATION OF IDIOTS.

During the past six months, I have w[atched] with eager interest, the progress wh[ich the] di[fferent] young idiots have made, in Paris, [un]der the direction of M. Seguin, and, at Bic[être. I h]ave seen, of Messrs. Voisin and Vallee, [with] astonishment, with no less gratification [than] [illegible], who, but a nearly one hundred fellow[s] from all communion short time since, were the objects of loathing nion with mankind, wh[o] rejected every article and disgust, many whom, unable to stand of clothing, other[s] selves in corners, and gave erect, crouched [illegible] by piteous howls, others in signs of li[fe] [illegible] of speech had never been developed [illegible] many whose voracious and indiscriminate appetite [illegible] gluttony satisfied itself with whatever velope[d] lay hands upon, with the garbage crim[inal] to swine—these unfortunate beings, the [refuse] of humanity, I have seen properly clad, standing erect, walking, speaking, eating in an orderly manner at a common table, working quietly as carpenters and farmers; gaining, by their own labor, the means of existence; storing their awakened intelligence by reading one to another; exercising towards their teachers and among themselves the generous feelings of man's nature, and singing, in unison, songs of thanksgiving! * * * *

The fact is now clearly established, that idiots may be educated, *that the reflective power exists within them, and may be awakened by a proper system of instruction*; that they may be raised, from the filth in which they grovel, to the attitude of men; that they may be taught different arts which will enable them to gain an honest livelihood, and that, although their intelligence may never, perhaps, be developed to such a point as to render them the authors of those generous ideas and great deeds which leave a stamp upon an age, yet still they may attain a respectable mediocrity, and surpass, in mental power, the common peasant of many European States.—*Report of 1848*, pp. 39, 40.

The school for the instruction of idiots in Massachusetts, was organized, in connection with the Asylum for the Blind at South Boston, in 1848. When the last Report was made, this school had been in operation but little more than a year, a time hardly long enough to authorize any one to pronounce very decidedly upon the success of the experiment. Some facts, however, are stated of a highly encouraging character.

Speaking of the effect of severity and harshness in the treatment of children of feeble intellect, Dr. Howe says:

A case which illustrates the effect of this kind of treatment, may be mentioned here, though a little out of place. My attention being called, a short time ago, to a boy, said to be idiotic and unmanageable, I went to his father's house to see him. It was a dilapidated and dirty room, dimly lighted, and intensely heated by a cooking-stove. There were several children, all of them dirty, but all decently clad, except one, a boy of thirteen, who was literally covered with rags. On opening the door, this boy ran skulking away, and hid himself behind the cooking-stove. He soon peered out, with a look of great terror, as if in fear for his life, or of a severe whipping. By degrees, and with great care, I got near him, though he trembled greatly, and would, occasionally, dart away from one corner of the room to another. When not running, he moved about with the stealthy tread of a cat, putting down his foot as carefully as if treading on ice, which he feared would break under him, and keeping his eyes fixed upon me. After long attempts to quiet him, and assure him, he was induced to take from my hand an apple, which he ran away with, and began to devour most voraciously. It was very unusual for [illegible] to show even so much confidence in a stranger. He commonly ran from any one who came in; and, if approached, he would scream aloud, and be convulsed with terror. It was considered remarkable, that he at last, very timidly, gave me the tip of his finger to shake hands at my departure."—*Report of 1850*, p. 59.

This account is confirmed by a letter from Mr. Downer, the gentleman who had first drawn Dr. Howe's attention to the boy. The Report goes on:

This boy was quite unmanageable, by any means within reach of his father or friends. They knew no way to make him obey, but that of force and blows. He was formerly a tolerably bright boy, but he had been in this sad condition for years, and was rapidly growing worse. He seemed to live in continual terror, and seldom spoke a word. The first time that I heard him utter a word, was one day when his father took hold of him, to make him obey some command, upon which, with his knees fairly knocking, and his body trembling all over, he screamed convulsively—"Will-good boy! Will-good boy!" This was enough to show, that, whatever might have been the first cause of his strange condition, the daily treatment he was receiving was gradually crushing his feeble intellect, and would tend to drive him into hopeless idiocy, or insanity. And yet his father was a sober, well-meaning man, and not a cruel parent. He simply did not know how to govern his own feelings, and to *train* those of this unfortunate child. The boy was therefore taken into our school at once. He has been there but a few weeks, and the change in him is already most remarkable. He is still a little shy, but he has lost all appearance of terror; he not only comes readily when called, but often goes up to those belonging to the house, and puts his arms affectionately about them, and returns their caresses. He takes his place in the class, and strives to imitate all the motions of the scholars, and obey the signs of the teacher. He can select the letters of the alphabet, and understand a few words. He is obedient and docile, and tries hard to learn with the others. He is affectionate, and much gratified by any mark of praise or approval. He begins to talk, and is rapidly improving in every respect.

Several other cases are mentioned of actual experiment crowned with encouraging success, cases in which the work seems like creation rather than improvement—making a rational creature out of an animal. The editor of the Examiner says:

The progress which these poor boys have made in two years is fully equal, taken altogether, to that which the same number of intelligent children would have made in the same time. It seems, indeed, vastly greater. They have been changed from motionless, stupid, speechless idiots, into walking, speaking, thinking beings. They have laid aside the brute and become human. They have made a beginning in the career of intelligence, and henceforward ordinary care will keep them in the path onwards. Their residence in the school for this short time has been already an unmeasured, almost an infinite blessing to them, and to their friends, and to all who will ever come in contact with them. Each one of them was, and would always have continued, a heavy burden, a filthy, hideous, and disgusting object, grievous to the eye and to the heart of his parents. Each one of them, even now, if their education is carried no further, will be a help, a pleasant companion, capable of exciting and of returning affection. Each one will be in some degree happy, and capable of giving happiness.

If we take only the lowest, the more economical view of the question, these children have gained, and through them the State has gained, by this beginning of an education, far more than it has cost the State to make the experiment.—Every one of them would, during his life, have been, not only wholly unproductive, but a constant burden upon his friends. Almost every one of them would have needed nearly the whole care of some person entirely, or almost entirely, devoted to him. Not one of them had the proper control of his limbs, or could be of any use. Now almost every one of them is capable of taking care of himself, and of doing something useful in a family or workshop, or on a farm.—The time of five persons has been devoted to these children for two years. If they had remained, uneducated, in their homes, nearly the whole time of ten persons, in so many different families, would have been given up to them as long as they lived,—for perhaps ten or twenty years.

Let it not be objected, that very little will come from the exertion of a vast deal of patience and attention; that, after all, the poor patient will have become, at best, only a simpleton.—Think of the difference in the feeling of parents; think of the ho[me], into which is sent back a smiling, affectionate, thinking, helpful child, in place of the creature which had been an object of horror, fear, and disgust, even to a mother;—think of the satisfaction of having done what could be done,—of seeing some intelligence, some enjoyment, some capacity, some helpfulness, some indication of humanity, where before there were none. To the child the gain will have been boundless. A scene of enjoyment and progress, of conscious thought and intelligence, will have been substituted for the inanity of a mere animal existence. All that the child can be made to enjoy will be a clear addition to the sum of human enjoyment.

The limitations to the possibility of educating idiots are thus indicated:

As to the higher moral nature,—the sense of right and wrong,—the supremacy of conscience, and the feeling of accountability to God,—we look almost in vain for any rudiments of these crowning glories of humanity in the uninstructed idiot. To him the animal nature, the appetites and propensities, are given in nearly the same degree as to other men, and it is by being unrestrained and unbalanced that they become rampant; in capacity for the social affections he is more stinted; still more so in the intellectual powers; and is left utterly without any moral or religious sense. He cannot, therefore, become, as compared with other men, an accountable moral agent. He is destined to remain through life a little child; as such he must be regarded and treated; his feeble powers of self-government must be strengthened; he must be surrounded by the kindest and best influences; he must be spared from undue temptations;—but, after all, the responsibility for his conduct must rest with those upon whose sense of justice and mercy God has made him a helpless dependent.—*Ibid.* pp. 85, 76.

Magazines.

Godey's and Sartain's are received, and will be noticed next week.

SERIALS.

We have received No. 32 of the Boston edition of Shakespeare. For sale by T. B[illegible] a piece. It contains the tragedy of Cymbeline, exceeding rare of the lovely Imogene, [illegible], intensity, with its rare combinations. The severe [intel]lectuality, and womanly [illegible] to this play, is an critique of Johnson [illegible] honesty and [illegible] amusing specimen of man. Who would dare, dy independence [illegible] connection with Shakespeare now-a-days, to criticism upon unresisting imbecility, of "wanting [illegible] too evident for detection, and cility, [illegible]!" The old lexicographer too ever suspected, probably, that he was not almost competent person in the world to pass judgment upon poetry.

We have received No. 4 of "The Daguerreian Journal: Devoted to the Daguerreian and Photogenic Arts. Also embracing the Sciences, Arts, and Literature." It is published semi-monthly, at three dollars per annum, in advance, by S. D. Humphrey, New York.

Vancourt's Counterfeit Detector. The February number is on our table. A very useful work, though we wish there was no occasion for it. If all mankind were *genuine men*, there would be no *counterfeit notes*.

The History of All Nations. By S. G. Goodrich. No. 29 contains an account of the Revolutionary War; No. 30 gives the War with Mexico, and descriptions of the countries of South America, with illustrative plates.

Van Court's New Monthly Magazine, for February—price, one dollar a year. Published in Philadelphia, at 93 Arch St., by J. Van Court. This Magazine contains a picture and description of the Ice Palace of St. Petersburg, a tale translated from the German, and other articles.

We have received Part 6 of The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. This number completes the series, and is accompanied with a portrait of Southey.

The Southern Lady's Companion, for January, published at Nashville, and edited by Rev. M. M. Henkle, D. D., contains a mezzotint engraving called "Beauty's Bath," an interesting sketch of the late Bishop Bascom, and a number of contributed articles.

The Fifteenth Report of the Home Missionary Society of the City and County of Philadelphia, states that "in no year of its history as a Society, has there been so great a demand for its active exertions as in the year just past,—the great influx of poor strangers from abroad—the large increase of our own population—the rapid and wide extension of the city limits—the late extensive and disastrous fire, have all contributed special causes to this, while every year's service and experience of its Missionary, must of necessity, give it a deeper and truer guage of the city's poverty, and make larger draughts upon the exercise of its philanthropy."

A Review of the Attempt to tax Religion, and extort from the People to support Tax-Collectors; and an Answer to the Attack on Churches, Medical and other Colleges. By Senex. Philada.: T. B. Peterson.

No. 351 of Littell's Living Age opens with an account of those heroic women, Lady Sale, and Lady Harriet Ackland. It contains the usual variety of entertaining matter.

We are indebted to W. B. Zieber for the February No. of The International Monthly Magazine. It appears to be full of good reading, beginning with a biographic sketch of the ill-fated boy-poet, Chatterton, with a portrait, and several wood-cuts, illustrating scenes in his life.

Stokes & Brothers, 28 and 29 Arcade, have sent us the United States Odd Fellow's Register for 1851.

The Fourth Annual Report of the Indiana Institute for the Education of the Blind, Dec. 10th, 1850, contains an engraving of the Institute, a specimen of the manner of printing music for the blind, and a great variety of interesting particulars relating to the pupils, their instruction and general management.

Report of the Medical Literature of the United States. Presented to the American Medical Association, at its Third Annual Meeting, held in Cincinnati, May, 1850. This well-written Report contains excellent suggestions intended for the benefit of physicians.

Graham's Magazine, for March.

This will be a surprise Number for its subscribers; 144 pages of original matter will certainly please as much as it will astonish the recipients of Graham's liberality. It contains as much reading as the Harpers', if not more, with the superior elegance of paper and type to which the readers of this Magazine are accustomed. There are several fine wood engravings illustrating interesting subjects. Altogether, we think the novelty of this Number will be sure to give pleasure; and the public will have a fair opportunity of deciding in their own minds whether it is better that American literature should be thus liberally encouraged, or whether reprints from foreign authors shall win their patronage. The substitution of a great quantity of literary matter for two or three steel engravings, is a change which we think will be hailed with gladness by a large majority of Magazine readers.

Among the long list of contents, are a finely written ballad by C. J. Peterson, two beautiful songs by Bayard Taylor, a graphic description of Hunting the Wild Cat, by C. W. Webber, a poem by Grace Greenwood, a story by G. P. R. James; and articles by J. M. Legare, Herbert, T. B. Read, J. T. Fields, C. H. Butler, Enna Duval, Mrs. Embury, G. R. Graham, &c., &c. We quote Bayard Taylor's songs for the gratification of our readers:

TWO SONGS.

Written on the Pacific Coast.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

I.

I plucked for thee the wilding rose
And wore it on my breast,
And there, till daylight's dusky close
Its silken cheek was prest;
Its desert breath was sweeter far
Than palace-rose could be,
Sweeter than all Earth's blossoms are
But that thou gav'st to me.

I kissed its leaves, in fond despite
Of lips that failed mine own;
And Love recalled that sacred night
His blushing flower was blown;
I vowed no rose should rival mine
Though withered now and pale
Till those are plucked, whose white buds twine
Above thy bridal veil.

II.

From the bosom of ocean I seek thee
Thou lamp of my spirit afar,
As the seaman, adrift in the darkness,
Looks up for the beam of his star.
And when on the moonlighted water
The spirits of solitude sleep,
My soul, in the light of thy beauty,
Lies hushed as the waves of the deep.
As the shafts of the sunrise are broken
Far over the glittering sea,
Thou hast dawned on the waves of my dreaming
And each thought has a sparkle of thee!
And though, with the white sail distended,
I speed from the vanishing shore,
Thou wilt give to the silence of ocean
The spell of thy beauty the more!

An Introductory Lecture Delivered Before the Class, at the Opening of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania. By J. S. Longshore, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children. October 12th, 1850. Philadelphia: James Young, Printer, 5 North Sixth Street.

This Lecture takes the strongest ground in favor of the medical education of women, and especially their instruction in the science of obstetrics. We do not see why women should not become, by proper education, well qualified, in every respect, mentally, morally and physically, for this particular ministration to their sister women. The employment of men in these emergencies is a modern encroachment. We see, by allusions through all ancient history, sacred and profane, that the business was almost, if not wholly, in the hands of women. The first innovation upon the ancient, time-sanctioned custom, the lecturer informs us, was made in the year 1663, by a favorite mistress of Louis Fourteenth, of France. A disreputable beginning, it must be acknowledged, for the present practice.

The Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, now in its infancy, has our hearty wishes for its success. We trust it will soon be sending forth its well-qualified practitioners; and that one branch, at least, of medical science, the department of Midwifery, will pass back again into the hands best fitted by nature for its delicate duties. It is a consideration not to be overlooked, that there are numbers of women whose comparatively wasted time and unoccupied faculties will, by this reform, be brought into most useful requisition.

The Primary School Arithmetic: Designed for Beginners. Containing copious mental exercises together with a large number of examples for the slate. By Horace Mann, LL.D., and Pliny E. Chase, A. M. Phila.: E. H. Butler & Co.

This appears, by its clearly illustrated examples, to be a superior elementary book, and the names of the gentlemen under whose auspices it is issued, will recommend it at once to teachers. Horace Mann is well known as a man of large experience on the subject of education, and a devoted advocate of the common school system.

Thompson's Table of the Post Offices in the United States.

A very useful work—though rather dull reading in a general way. Published by W. F. Burgess, 22 Ann Street, N. Y., and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses Connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland, Author of the "Lives of the Queens of England." Vol. 1. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.

Miss Strickland has already proved her ability as an entertaining writer of history, and we doubt not the public will give a hearty welcome to this new series of queenly lives. The subjects of this volume are Margaret Tudor, sister to bluff Harry the Eighth, and not unlike him in character; Magdalene of France, poetically called the Scottish "midsummer queen of forty days," from her short and well-beloved reign; and Mary of Lorraine, mother of the celebrated Mary, Queen of Scots. Our readers will be amused with the following anecdotes:

Henry the Eighth.—King Harry Bluebeard was quite shocked at the flirtations, divorces, &c., of his sister Margaret, of Scotland, and wrote her very edifying moral epistles upon the subject. This shows that he knew what was right very well, though he lamentably failed in practice.

An Italian Princess replied to an offer of marriage from this royal Bluebeard, "that if she had *two* heads she would be most happy to place one of them at the disposal of his majesty, but that having only one she thought it best to keep it on her shoulders."

The Decline of Popery and its Causes. An Address delivered in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 15th, 1851. By Rev. N. Murray, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a direct reply to the pamphlet of Archbishop Hughes, gathering in from all quarters of the world, in modern times, evidences of the decline of Popery. The writer sustains his position by an imposing array of proofs.

The Mentor, a Magazine for Youth. Edited by H. Hastings Weld.

This No. contains a story for boys, called James and the Monkey, with a taking sort of an illustration for children; an engraving of Chamois Hunters, with a description of the sport, and other articles.

Miscellaneous.

A PAINFUL CASE.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* gives an account of a recent trial at the Old Bailey, in London—Lord Chief Justice Tindal, presiding:

George Hammond, a portrait painter, was placed at the bar, to be tried on an indictment found against him by the Grand Jury, for wilful muder, with malice aforethought, of George Baldwin, a rope dancer and mountebank. The prisoner was a man of middle height, but slender form. His eyes were blue and mild. His whole bearing gave evidence of subdued sadness and melancholy resignation. He was 41 years of age, had a soft voice, and his appearance and manner bore testimony to his being a man of distinguished education, in spite of the poverty of his dress.

On being called on to plead, the prisoner admitted he did kill Baldwin, and he deplored the act; adding, however, that *on his soul and conscience* he did not believe himself *guilty*. Thereupon a jury was empanelled to try the prisoner. The indictment was then read to the jury, and the act of the killing being admitted, the government rested their case, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence.

The Prisoner then addressed himself to the Court and jury.

"My lord," said he, "my justification is to be found in a recital of the facts. Three years ago, I lost a daughter, then four years of age, the sole memorial left to me of a beloved wife, whom it had pleased God to recall to Himself.—I lost her; but I did not see her die, as I had seen her mother die. She disappeared—she was stolen from me. She was a charming child, and but for her, I had nobody in the world to love me. Gentlemen, what I have suffered cannot be described—you cannot comprehend it. I have expended in advertising and in fruitless searches, everything I possessed—furniture, pictures, even to my clothes. All have been sold. For three years, sore, and on foot I have sought for my child in all the cities, and in all the villages of the three kingdoms. As soon as by painting portraits, I had succeeded in gaining a little money, I returned to London, to re-commence my advertisements in the newspapers. At length, on Friday, the 14th of April last, I crossed the Smithfield Cattle Market. In the centre of the market a troop of mountebanks were performing their feats. Among them a child was turning on its head, its legs in the air, and its head supported by a sort of halberd. A ray from the soul of its mother must, at that moment, have penetrated my own, for me to have recognized my child in that condition. It was my poor child. Her mother would, perhaps, have precipitated herself towards her, and locked her in her arms. As for me, a veil passed over my eyes. I threw myself upon the chief of the rope dancers. I know not how it was; I, habitually gentle, even to weakness, seized him by his clothes,—I raised him in the air, then dashed him to the ground—then again. He was dead. Afterwards I repented what I had done. At the moment, I regretted that I was only able to kill but one."

Lord Chief Justice Tindal.—Those are not Christian sentiments. How can you expect the Court or Jury to look with favor on your defence, or God to pardon you, if you cannot pardon?

Prisoner.—I know, my lord, what will be your judgment, and that of the Jury, but God has already pardoned me. I feel it in my heart. You know not, I knew not then, the whole extent of the evil that man had done me. When some compassionate people brought me my daughter in my prison, she was no longer my child. She was no longer pure and angelic as formerly—she was corrupted, body and soul. Her manners, her language, were infamous, like those of the people with whom she had been living. She did not recognize me. I recognized her no longer myself. Do you comprehend now? That man had robbed me of the love, and soul of my child. And I—I have killed him, but once.

Foreman.—My lord, we have agreed on our verdict.

Chief Justice.—I understand you, gentlemen, but the law must take its course. I must sum up the case, and then you will retire to deliberate.

The Chief Justice, having summed up the case, the Jury retired; and in an instant after, returned into the Court, with a verdict of not guilty.

On the discharge of Hammond, the sheriff was obliged to surround him with an escort.—The crowd of men and women was immense.—The women were determined to carry him off in triumph. The crowd followed him all the way to his lodgings, with deafening shouts and huzzas.

A Singular Story.—The following is an extract of a letter from Col. W. H. Sleeman, an officer of the British army in India:

"Court of Lucknow, Hindostan, India, October 3d, 1850. I must now tell you about a poor boy, who was found in a wolf's den, with a wolf and three whelps. When dug into by some of my troopers, they all bolted together, and the boy ran so fast on all fours, that he outstripped the whelps, and was with difficulty taken by a mounted trooper. The mother of the whelps had carried him off from his parents some years before, and brought him up as her own offspring in her den. I have more instances of the same kind, and had what they call 'a wild man of the woods' brought to me yesterday, sent by the King of Oude. He was caught twenty-five years ago in a jungle in the woods, when about eighteen years of age. He has been brought up by a wolf, but she died, and he was taken in a starving state, by a hermit, who weaned him from eating raw flesh. One of the King's soldiers got him from the hermit, and presented him to the King, by whom, and his successors, he has ever since been taken care of. It was many years before he could be made to wear clothes, and even now he dislikes the society of men. He speaks but only in reply to questions, and then it is with difficulty understood."

A Spunky Wife.—A middle-aged farmer and his wife, were enjoying a winter evening cosily together, when the conversation turned upon religious matters, as described in the Bible, which the man had open before him.

"Wife," said the farmer, "I've been thinking what happy society Solomon must have had in his day, with so many wives, &c., as is here represented."

"*Indeed!*" replied the wife, somewhat miffed, "you had better think of something else, then. A pretty Solomon *you* would make, truly; you can't take proper care of *one* wife. What a figure *you* would cut, then, with a dozen wives, and all of them as spunky as I am!"

The farmer took his hat, and went to the stable to feed the cattle for the night.

English Slaves.—At the Norman Conquest and the close of the Saxon heptarchy, two-thirds of the population of England were found to exist in different degrees of servitude; and of the villeins, bordars, cottars, and serfs or thralls, one in seven were slaves, and marketable commodities in the most unlimited sense of the term.—Slaves and cattle were a kind of money, or legal tender, at a value fixed by law—a slave being equivalent to four oxen. So says a recent English authority. But it should be added, that in England this has ceased to be the case for hundreds of years.

Locust Year.—The seventeenth year locusts will appear this year in all those parts of Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Delaware, embraced in the following boundaries: Commencing at the Delaware river, near Germantown, Pa., thence Southwesterly to the Blue Ridge of the Alleghany Mountains, along the East side of the Ridge to Loudoun and Fauquier counties, Va.; thence Easterly through a portion of Fairfax, across the Potomac, above Georgetown, through Montgomery and upper portion of Anne Arundel counties, Md., to the Patapsco; along the Northeast side of the Patapsco to the Chesapeake Bay, thence to Havre-de-Grace, through Cecil county, and Delaware, to the Delaware river; up the West side of that river to the beginning. These boundaries are nearly correct, as they appeared in 1834, though they may now vary. The locust will certainly appear on the South side of the Patapsco, at least in small numbers, as, during the breeding season in 1834, great numbers were blown over the river by a high wind that prevailed in the height of that season. In Fauquier county, Va., also, this district *laps* over another district for several miles, and though the locusts will appear this year on the strip of territory thus doubly occupied, yet they appeared on the same place in 1843, and will appear there again in 1860, thus appearing alternate in eight and nine years. Over the whole of the large tract of country embraced in the above boundaries, the locusts will appear in myriads. They will begin to leave the ground about the 20th of May, a few days earlier or later, according to the weather. From the 1st to the 10th of April, their chambers may be uncovered by simply shaving off an inch or two of the surface soil with a spade, in any place where trees or shrubbery stood in 1834. They will resemble small augur holes, two to four inches apart; and the grub or larvæ may now be found by digging a foot or two deep in the same situations. Those who have valuable shrubbery, will do well to protect it by covering it with cheap gauze, from the 1st to the 20th of June. They do no other harm than that of causing the death of the small twigs, by their perforations for depositing their eggs.

GIDEON B. SMITH, M. D.

A Beautiful Flower.—A friend presented us, a day or two since, with a curiosity in the shape of a flower, which, we think, is one of the greatest wonders of the floral kingdom we have seen. It is about the size of a walnut, perfectly white, with fine leaves, resembling very much indeed the wax plant. Upon the blooming of the flower, in the cup formed by the leaves, is the exact image of a dove lying on its back, with its wings extended. The peak of the bill and the eyes are plainly to be seen, and a small leaf before the flower arrived at maturity, forms the outspread tail. This leaf can be raised or shut down with the fingers, without breaking or apparently injuring it, until the flower reaches its full bloom, when it drops off.—*Panama Star.*

Burnt Almonds.—An inquiry into the cause of the recent death of a young lady in England, established that she had been destroyed by the portions of the lead contained in the coloring matter of burnt almonds. Medical authority was also adduced to show that within the last three years upwards of seventy cases of death had been traced in England to the use of poisonous pigments used in fancy sweetmeats. We have reason to believe that this manner of murder is not uncommon.

Something for the Ladies.—The India Rubber House Gloves are an article which we think will be duly appreciated by our lady readers. Being impervious to *hot or cold water*, they are invaluable to those who, from choice or otherwise, attend to domestic matters, such as sweeping, dusting, etc., and a speedy and effectual cure for chapped hands, and in wearing, bleach the hands to almost a snowy whiteness.—*Exchange paper.*

Clippings.

☞ A quaint old gent not a hundred miles from here, who is withal one of our active, stirring men, had a man at work in his garden who was quite the reverse. "Mr. Jones," said he to him, one morning, "did you ever see a snail?" "Certainly," said Jones. "Then," said the old boy, "you must have met him, for you could never overtake him."

☞ In the New York Senate a petition has been presented with ten thousand signatures for a bridge across Lake Champlain.

☞ When learning ceases to be uncommon among women, learned women will cease to be affected.

☞ In the affairs of life, activity is to be preferred to dignity, and practical energy and despatch to premeditated composure and reserve.

☞ Miss Bronte, authoress of "Jane Eyre," etc., has been on a visit to Miss Martineau, at Ambleside.

☞ Mexican Alarm.—The city of Mexico Monitor, in announcing the passage of a bill by the American Congress, appropriating money for the establishment of an American cemetery, near the city of Mexico, says—"Under the pretext of coming to see the graves of their relatives and countrymen, *millions of Yankees* would be likely to come to Mexico, and finally the whole country would fall into their hands. Be on your guard!"

☞ The New Orleans Price Current estimates the present cotton crop at two and a-half million of bales.

☞ It is said that there has been a split in the Society of Jesuits, at Rome, as to whether the system of tactics so long followed by the Society, shall be changed or kept up. Conservatism has carried the day.

☞ Avoid Tight Boots.—Mr. J. Tibbits, of Brownville, had both of his feet badly frozen on the 24th ult., while teaming across Chesuncook Lake. His boots fitted so tightly, that he could not move his feet in them, and he did not discover his injury until he took them off at night. His feet were so badly frozen that amputation was deemed indispensable, which was effected so as to leave the heels.—*Piscataquis (Me.) Observer.*

☞ An advertisement appears in a New York paper for a house for Jenny Lind, either in New York or Brooklyn, suitable as a residence. The house is wanted for two months or longer from the first of April, and must be suitable for five persons. This does not look like going to the World's Fair.

☞ In Henry the Seventh's time they spelt laughing in the following ingenious manner—"lawchgynge." What would the professors of phonography say to that?

☞ In all sciences the errors precede the truths; and it is better they should go first than last.—*Walpole.*

☞ Republican Paris is furious at the apparition on every wall of theatrical advertisements, of the placard of a Charity Ball, with a list of the names of the lady patronesses, *with their titles*. That the President's cousin, Madame Demidorff, for example, should be still a Princess, notwithstanding the abolition of rank by the voice of the nation, justly exasperates the "Red Republicans" not a little.

☞ Sheridan's father conversing with him on the former glories of the family, remarked that they were once called O'Sheridan. "I do not think," returned the son, that they ever had a better right to be called *one* Sheridan than at present."

☞ The duration of human life in England is, on an average, fifteen or sixteen years longer in the country than in the town, as shown by the registration of deaths in that country.

☞ Massachusetts will send two hundred tons of goods to the World's Fair, whilst the amount to be received from other States is also very considerable.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	*Asked.*		*Bid.*	*Asked.*
U S 6s '56	106	—	Southwark	73	—
" '62	111	—	Kensington	65	—
" '67	115½	116¼	P Township	30	—
" '68	115¾	116	Girard	13½	14
" 5s '53	101	—	Western	65	66
" 5s '51	98	—	Man & Mechs	28	28¼
Jan int off			Bk of Com	50	—
U S Tr N 6s	—	—	Camden N J	53	—
" 1 mil	—	—	Germantown	54	55
Philada 6s	103¾	104	Tres Bk Co	35	—
" 5s	90	91	Pitts'bg Bk	52	—
" Gas	—	—	M & M Pitts	52	—
County 5s	95¼	96	Exchange, Pitts	51	
Penna 6s	101¼	102	Com. Cin	15	—
" 5s	96	96¼	Louis, Ky	103	—
Kentucky 6s	105	—	Kentucky Bk	106	106¼
Tennessee 5s	84	85	Northern	110	—
Illinois 6s	61	64	Union, Tenn	69¼	71
Cincinnati 6s	97	97¼	Planters, Tenn	69¼	—
Texas T Notes	45	50	Vicksburg	19	19¼
" Ids 8s	50	60	Com. Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	50¼	51	N O Gas Bk	112	113
" lnt	—	—	Schuyl Nav	18	18¼
Lehigh N 6s	83	84	Lehigh Nav	57	58
" 1st loan	73	—	C & Del Cl	100	104
" Mort 6s	92¼	93	Morris Cl	20¼	20¼
C & D Cl 6s	97¼	98	Penn&Ohio Cl	33	36
C & Am R lds	93	94	Union Cl	14¼	15
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Cam & Am R	127¼	128
Susqueh Cl 6s	66	66¼	Penna R	47	48
Norrist'n R 6s	90	—	Bea Mdw R	18	20
Harris R 6s	92¼	93	Lykens Val R	15	—
Wil R 6s	93	94	North Am Cl	10	12
Read R 6s	80¼	80¼	Susqueh Cl	16¼	17
" Mort 6s	84¼	85	Norristown R	50	50¼
U S Bk Notes	90	—	Harrisburg R	47	47¼
U S Bk Shares	1¼	2	Wilmington R	31	32
N Amer Bk	140	—	Reading R	32¼	32¼
Penna Bk	119	119¼	Minehill R	65	—
Philadelphia	139	140	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Far & Mec	70¼	71	Flem Copper	1	—
Commercial	61¼	62	N J Copper	1	—
N Liberty	52	—	N W Min Co	25	—
Mechanics	30¼	31			

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well known writers. We have two now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

THE IRON HAND, by T. S. Arthur.

THE TEXAN HUNTRESS, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 27th, petitions were presented for the Ebony Line of Steamers, for a modification of the Tariff, against the Fugitive Slave Law, in favor of the repeal of all laws supporting slavery in the District of Columbia, &c. The last two were laid on the table.

Mr. Benton called up the Bill to pay Missouri the amount of the two per cent. fund received on sales of public lands.

Mr. Shields supported the Bill.

Mr. Clay said that at a proper time he could prove to the Senate that Missouri was not, to the amount of one farthing, the creditor of the United States on account of this two per cent. fund. He was too feeble then, but if the Bill was postponed, he would hereafter do so.

Mr. Benton was willing the Bill should be postponed, and the Bill was, for a short time, laid on the table.

Mr. Mason called up the Bill incorporating the Union Gas Light Company of the District of Columbia.

Mr. Walker moved to amend the Bill, by making the Stockholders individually liable for all debts contracted to the amount of his Stock, at the time the debt was contracted. After considerable debate, this amendment was carried, and the Bill ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Borland moved, and the Bill authorizing the United States District Judge of Arkansas to appoint Steamboat Inspectors in that State, was taken up. The Bill was debated, amended, and ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Gwinn moved, and after debate the Senate took up the Bill to ascertain and settle the private land claims in California, reported by the Judiciary Committee.

Mr. Benton said that the Bill reported by this Committee was worse than a clear act of confiscation; the Committee had been deplorably and calamitously unfortunate. Where Mr. Gwinn's Bill was bad, they have made it worse—wherein it was good, they have struck out, and where the Bill was neither good nor bad, they have originated something infinitely worse than any thing before heard of. He proceeded at great length in a critical examination of the Bill reported by the Committee, and announced his intention of making its errors manifest, in detail, by motions to strike out and insert.

Mr. Berrien rejoined, and argued that this Bill only carried out in detail and with precision, the provisions of Mr. Fremont's Bill.

Mr. Benton was surprised that the distinguished lawyer from Georgia should attempt to shelter his blunders behind a paper drawn up by a young man who, perhaps, had never read law. He pointed out the blunders in this Bill, which Mr. Fremont could never have made.

Mr. Berrien said he had no desire to shelter himself behind the absent Senator from California, nor the present one from Missouri. As to the charge of blundering, and other denunciations contained in the courtly phrases which the Senator from Missouri had accustomed himself to use, he would answer it by stating that he did not believe the Senator from Missouri comprehended the provisions of the Bill about which he was talking. Adjourned.

On the 28th, Mr. Clay presented two petitions from citizens of Pittsburg and Uniontown, Pa., complaining of the operations of the Tariff of 1846, and representing the suffering of the interests of iron, coal, glass, cotton and wool, by the ad valorem instead of specific duties.

Mr. Hamlin presented two petitions from citizens of Maine, for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. Laid on the table.

Mr. Gwinn offered a resolution calling for the correspondence between the United States and the British authorities relative to the seizure of a vessel at Astoria, Oregon. Adopted.

Mr. Badger, from the Naval Committee, to whom had been referred the communication of the Secretary of the Navy, about the abolition of flogging in the Navy, reported a Bill to enforce discipline and promote good conduct and order in the Navy. The Bill provides for punishment by dismissal or discharge, by solitary confinement in irons, not exceeding thirty days, and to be fed on bread and water.

The California Private Land Bill was then taken up. The 13th section of the Bill provides that all claims rejected by the Commissioner, on which an appeal shall be decided, to be invalid, and all lands, claims for which shall not be presented within two years, shall be deemed the property of the United States, and for all claims affirmed, a patent shall be issued; provided that if the title of any claimant to such lands shall be contested by any other person, it shall be lawful for such person to file a petition in the District Court, plainly and distinctly setting forth his title thereto—a copy of the petition to be served on the adverse party thirty days before the time appointed for hearing. The section also gives the Judge the power to grant an injunction on this petition, restraining a patent from being issued until the title thereto shall be finally decided.

Mr. Benton moved to strike out all that part of the section which allows third parties to come in and contest the issuing of the patent by petition.

Mr. Benton said that yesterday he had shown this Bill to be a flagrant violation of the Constitution of the United States and of the Judiciary Act. It proposed to give the United States Courts the right to try issues of means and titles between private citizens. The Bill allows the United States to bring a man into Court to defend his lands, and after beating the United States and its lawyers, with all their quibbles and tricks, it allows everybody else to come in and jump on his back, to attack him front, rear and both flanks. They can cover him with petitions—they can smite him as the old French translator of the Bible said Sampson did the Philistines—back and belly. He was always a friend of all actual settlers, and commenced his support of them in 1809, when in the General Assembly of Tennessee, and had continued it till now. The actual settlers in California were those who went there seventy years ago—they were such persons as Castro, who had seven-and-twenty children born on the soil. He again denounced the Bill as unconstitutional and hideously unjust.

Messrs. Berrien, Ewing, and Butler, defended the Bill and its constitutionality. Finally Mr. Benton's motion to strike out was negatived, yeas 11, nays 37.

Mr. Walker moved to amend, by providing that a patent granted by the United States shall only be considered as a relinquishment of the United States title. Adjourned.

On the 29th, Mr. Hale presented petitions from Pennsylvania and New Hampshire, praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and all other laws encouraging and supporting slavery. Laid on the table.

Mr. Rusk reported back the Bill reducing the rates of postage, and asked that it be taken up, in order to have it fixed for some day. Mr. Clemens objected—and the Bill goes on the calendar.

The Bill for the Relief of the Virginia Woollen Company, restoring the amount of damages for failure of contract, was taken up, debated and postponed.

The Bill to ascertain California Private Land Claims was taken up.

The question pending was the amendment of Mr. Walker, to add to the 13th section, "That in every case where a patent shall be issued, such patent shall operate only as a relinquishment of the United States title." Mr. Baldwin moved to add to Mr. Walker's amendment, a provision that this relinquishment of title by the United States shall inure only to the benefit of such person who has the best title. Mr. Walker accepted this as a modification of his amendment.

After a long debate the amendment was rejected—yeas 21, nays 24.

The eleventh section of the Bill provides that in deciding on the validity of claims, commissioners of Courts shall be governed by the Treaty of Hidalgo—the Law of Nations, laws, usages and customs of the Government from which the claim is derived, the principles of equity, and the decisions of the Supreme Court, so far as applicable.

Mr. Benton, at Mr. Soule's instance, moved to amend as follows: Provided, however, that possession in good faith within determined routes and boundaries for twenty years shall be *prima facie* evidence of complete title, even against the United States.

After further debate and without taking a vote, the Senate adjourned.

The Senate Committee report amendments to Postage Bill, fixing rates of pre-paid letters three cents for half-ounce, and five cents for half-ounce letters not pre-paid. Postmaster's compensation not to exceed amount of salary received for year ending June 30th, 1851. The provision exempting newspapers from postage for thirty miles, and a deduction of fifty per cent postage on magazines, if prepaid, stricken [illegible] they also strike out the provision taking away the right of exchange from those papers refusing to publish uncalled-for letters.

On the 30th, Mr. Ewing reported a Bill allowing the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution to pay into the Treasury $150,000 surplus in their hands, to be added to the permanent endowment of that institution.

Mr. Rusk reported a joint resolution providing that dead letters remaining in the Post Office in California and Oregon shall be opened in California by the Postmaster at San Francisco—all letters not containing valuables to be destroyed there; those containing valuables to be sent to the Department at Washington by a special agent, to be appointed at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars. The joint resolution was considered, and its engrossment ordered.

Mr. Mason offered a resolution directing inquiry into the propriety of providing by law to pay Spanish claims on account of the Amistad case, as recommended by Mr. Polk, in his message, December, 1847. Mr. Chase objecting, the resolution lies over.

The Senate then took up the Bill on Private Land Claims in California. The question pending was Mr. Benton's modified amendment, that bona fide possession for twenty years should be evidence of perfect claim.

Mr. Gwin opposed the amendment. It would secure to priests the vast mission lands, they having for more than twenty years held possession.

Mr. Benton replied, reading from Mexican laws, showing that the mission lands had been all secularized and made public property. There was not one square inch of land in California now held under mission grants.

Mr. Dawson read from Mr. Taylor's work on California, showing that the question of possession by priests was still in doubt.

Mr. Clay opposed the amendment, and then, on motion, the Senate adjourned.

On the 31st, Mr. Turner introduced a joint resolution, amendatory of joint resolution of 1848, expressing thanks of Congress to General Scott and Taylor, by directing the President to have made swords, with suitable devices, to be presented to all Major Generals and Brigadier Generals engaged in battles under Scott and Taylor.

Mr. Mason's resolution directing inquiry into the propriety of paying Spanish claimants arising out of the Amistad case, was called up.

Mr. Chase reported the circumstances of the Amistad case, and denied any justice in the claims against the United States on account of these claims.

Mr. Hale said this claim was the most outrageous demand ever heard of in those days of perfect harmony and fraternal love. When the agitators were dead and agitation quieted, it was not safe to push the moral sense of the people too far, by such claims as these—though those who have resisted slavery may now be tranquil, their feelings were existing at the bottom of seeming tranquility.

Mr. Clay said this resolution was one of inquiry only. His opinions on the justice of the claim were not fixed either for or against it; he could not but remark on the evidence, that the peace and harmony of the recent measures were effectual; that the conduct of certain Senators in the agitation of domestic slavery was at an end, and the Senator from New Hampshire and those who act with him, seize upon every question relating to foreign trade, and endeavor to make some capital out of it to revive agitation on domestic slavery. The Senator from New Hampshire voted in the minority on the slave trade the other day. The Senator himself admits that the party of which he has been a leader, is now at the bottom, and there I hope they, and all others who desire agitation on domestic slavery will remain forever. I believe they will never rise again to disturb the country.

Mr. Hale said he never had introduced agitation; he did not introduce the slave trade project the other day, nor did he introduce this proposition. The Senator from Kentucky undertook to read him a lecture of a personal character. He was lectured under the belief that he was at the bottom. He knew no one better capacitated from experience to lecture on the conduct becoming those at the bottom, than the Senator from Kentucky. He was no prophet—but he would venture to declare, that any man who placed himself as a candidate for popular favor in any State in the Union, on the ground of being the author and supporter of this quiescent compromise of last session, would find himself in the position of the man spoken of in the Greek fable, who, when the ship was wrecked, and while every one seized something to support him in the sea, unfortunately took hold of the anchor and was carried to the bottom.

The Chair said he must arrest this debate. The Compromise was not the subject before the Senate.

Mr. Hale—According to military law, when a man is arrested he gives up his sword. I yield.

Mr. Mason said the resolution was one of inquiry only. The subject had been recommended to the attention of Congress by the President.

Mr. Chase said he would introduce any subject—would speak on any subject—he thought proper, regardless of what the Senator from Kentucky, or any one else might say. He never introduced agitation.

Mr. Hale moved that the resolution lay on the table; lost—yeas 6, nays 41.

The six yeas were—Messrs. Baldwin, Chase, Hale, Hamlin, Upham, Walker.

Mr. Winthrop said he had voted six times while in Congress, against the allowance of the claim, but he knew no principle on which the resolution, inquiring into the propriety of allowing the claim against the United States should not be adopted. The resolution was then adopted.

Mr. Rusk reported a Bill granting to Snow & Bangs the Right of Way for a Telegraph from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.

The Chair presented a communication from Mr. Weightman, Senator elect from New Mexico, asking the enactment of a law declaring New Mexico one of the United States on certain conditions. Referred to the Territorial Committee.

Mr. Hale presented a resolution calling upon the President to communicate all the correspondence between the United States and Spain relating to the Amistad claims. Laid over.

Mr. Foote presented a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the Secretary of State to communicate the information in his possession touching the expediency of adopting a graduating scale of diplomatic salaries.

The joint resolution concerning California dead letters, engrossed the day before, was taken up and passed.

The debate on the Bill concerning private land claims in California, was resumed. The amendment pending was on making twenty years' possession in good faith, evidence against the United States of a perfect claim. Rejected—11 yeas, 37 nays.

Mr. Benton proposed various other amendments, which were lost.

On the 1st inst., Mr. Hunter offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the Committee of Finance be instructed to inquire into the expediency of coining dollars, half and quarter dollars, composed of gold and silver, in the proportion of equal values, according to the standard between the two metals, as now fixed by law.

Mr. Hale's resolution, calling for correspondence relative to the Amistad claims, was taken up and adopted.

After a short executive session, the doors were opened, when Mr. Kaufman's death was announced by a message from the House.

Mr. Rusk moved the usual resolutions, which were adopted, when the Senate adjourned to attend the funeral on Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 27th, Mr. Haralson asked, but did not obtain leave to introduce a joint resolution, further explanatory of the Bounty Land Law passed last September. The Secretary of the Interior, he said, has decided that, to obtain the benefit of this law, persons must actually have served in wars; whereas Mr. Haralson proposes that those who were mustered, but did not serve in actual hostilities, shall be entitled, they having been absent from their homes, and on duty; and this, he contended, was the intention of the law.

Mr. Boyd moved the Bill to improve the Cumberland Dam, in the Ohio River, should be made the order of the day for the following Thursday. Refused.

Several other gentlemen wanted, but did not obtain consent, to introduce Bills and resolutions—among them the Bill appropriating lands to Pennsylvania for railroad purposes.

Mr. Johnson, of Arkansas, moved that the River and Harbor Bill be made the special order of the day for Tuesday next. Objection made.

To test the question, he moved a suspension of the rules. Decided in the negative—yeas 116, nays 70—not two-thirds.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Bill to supply deficiencies in appropriations for the present fiscal year.

On the 28th, the House resumed the consideration of the Bill heretofore reported by Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, proposing to give to every head of a family one hundred and sixty acres of public domain, on condition that he will occupy and improve the same for a certain period.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, explained a substitute he intended to offer, the first section of which simply contemplated a continuation of the present Pre-Emption Laws; the second, that the right of pre-emption shall be perpetual instead of limiting it to one or two years; that the settler shall have as much time as his necessities require, to pay for the land, at the minimum of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. He did not propose to give away the lands absolutely. His object was to secure a settlement and occupancy of a home against misfortune and improvidence.

Mr. Vinton moved to lay the Bill on the table—decided in the negative—yeas 78, nays 90.

The House, by 44 to 81, refused to second the demand for the previous question, which would have brought the House to a direct vote on the Bill.

Mr. Conger moved to refer it to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, called for the yeas and nays. To send the Bill there, was equivalent to its rejection.

The Bill was referred to the Committee—yeas 121, nays 64.

Mr. Julian moved to reconsider the vote, pending which the House went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill.

Several amendments were made, when all the clauses of the Bill were not through with.

THE TARIFF.—Mr. Strong moved to amend by providing that on and after the first day of April next, all duties required by law to be levied, collected and paid on goods, wares and merchandize, shall be assessed on the market value, with the addition of such charges as are now imposed by law, at the time and place of export; provided that, upon all descriptions of iron, upon machinery made wholly or in part of iron, and upon anchors, chain cables and anvils, the duties shall be assessed upon the average prices, with the charges added, which like description of iron bore in principal ports during the ten fiscal years immediately preceding the year of importation, such values and charges to be ascertained and declared by the Secretary of the Treasury, as the basis for each succeeding fiscal year.

The duties on window glass and linseed oil, shall be thirty per cent., and upon all descriptions of iron, upon machinery made wholly or in part of iron, and upon chain cables, anchors and anvils, the duties shall be forty per cent., provided that any excess of duties imposed by this act on any railroad iron, imported for the use of any railroad, actually and permanently laid down for the use of such railroad, within one year after the passage of this act, shall be remitted by the Secretary of the Treasury, on satisfactory proof being furnished that such iron was so imported and laid down.

The duties upon all cordage and yarns composed wholly or in part of hemp or grass, upon all manufactures, composed wholly or in part of sheep's wool; and upon all refined sugars, shall be respectfully ten per centum ad valorem, over and above the rate of duty now assessed by law on hemp and sheep's wool; manufactured and raw sugar, raw silk, indigo, and all articles which, on the 20th of July, 1846, were exempt from duty, shall be admitted free of duty.

[illegible] prevent fraud from undervaluations, and to be [illegible] uniformity in appraisements, there shall Appr[illegible]pointed, as now provided for, local the gover[illegible] large, who shall prepare rules for several port[illegible] of the local Appraisers, visit the such other d[illegible] the United States, and perform sury may appro[illegible] the Secretary of the Treasury. Appraisers shall re[illegible] direct. Each of which of $2,000, with nece[illegible] an annual compensation. That the periods dur[illegible] travelling expenses. imports deposited in pu[illegible], by existing laws, withdrawn for immediate [illegible] warehouses may be sumption, be, and the same [illegible] or continue to three years. [illegible] extended.

Mr. Jones raised the question [illegible] amendment was irrelevant, and had [illegible] to do with the Deficiency Bill; and against [illegible] violation of the rule which declares th[illegible] in amendments shall not be made in a general [ap]propriation Bill.

Mr. Strong—I suppose the question is not debatable.

Mr. Meade, Chairman—This is a Democratic Pennsylvania Tariff.

Without proceeding further the Committee, rose, and the House adjourned.

On the 29th, the Chairman, Mr. Meade, stated that the pending question, was the amendment of Mr. Strong, offered yesterday, to amend the Tariff Law, and pronounced it to be out of order. He said that the amendment was contrary to Parliamentary law, irrelevant to the Bill before the Committee, and the general policy of the Constitution, and the rules made in pursuance of it.

Mr. Strong appealed from the decision of the Chair.

The question was taken and the decision of the Chair sustained. Ayes 102—noes 87.

A number of similar amendments were offered, but all pronounced out of order—the Chair being sustained in each appeal.

Mr. Holmes offered an amendment, that if there be any deficiency in the Treasury in the fiscal year ensuing, the Secretary of the Treasury shall call on the States for the surplus revenue deposited with them, to be paid in such installments as shall be most convenient and least onerous. The Chairman decided it out of order.

Mr. Tuck offered an amendment, that on all cotton fabrics, plain and colored, imported on and after the 30th of June next, there shall be assessed and paid a duty of 25 per cent. on the value such articles bore in the principal cities July 29, 1846, the value to be declared by the Secretary of the Treasury. Decided to be out of order.

Several amendments were made to the Deficiency Bill, when the Committee rose, and under the operation of the previous question, the amendments were concurred in, and the Bill passed.—It appropriates about $1,300,000 to supply deficiencies in the appropriations for the present fiscal year.

On motion of Mr Briggs, the House went into Committee of the Whole, on the Bill establishing Branch Mints in New York and San Francisco—appropriating two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars towards buildings for the first, and three hundred thousand dollars for the latter place.

Mr. Briggs said this was no new question to the House. In the twenty-ninth and thirtieth Congress, a Bill to establish a Mint in New York, passed, and he believed for want of time it was not considered in the Senate. If there existed at that period a necessity for a Mint,—at a time, too, before gold to any extent had been acquired from California—how much greater, all must admit, did the necessity exist now the increased facilities for the coinage of the vast amount of dust constantly arriving at New York from the Pacific coast, and which, in all human probability, would continue to arrive until the end of time. He read various statistics, and earnestly advocated the passage of the Bill, and said that New York, at no distant day, would be the moneyed and commercial centre of the civilized world.

Mr. Chandler offered a substitute for the Bill establishing a Branch Mint at San Francisco, and an Assayer's Office in New York. Adjourned.

On the 30th, Mr. Giddings asked leave to offer a resolution requesting the President of the United States, if consistent with the public interest, to communicate to this body any correspondence which may have taken place between Great Britain and this country respecting the imprisonment of British seamen in any port of the United States.

Objections were made.

Mr. Burt, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported the Senate Bill, with an amendment, providing a retired list for officers of the army and marine corps who have become infirm by reason of age, wounds and disease contracted in the service.

Mr. Burt briefly explained the object of the Bill, stating that it did not increase nor diminish the number or expenses of the army. The officer who retires to receive his own pay proper and service ration, and the officer next in rank to take his place, with pay proper of his own grade, and the allowances of the grade of the officer placed on the retired list.

Mr. Giddings knew of no more merit in an officer of the army who serves his country at the cannon's mouth, than one who braves public opinion here, when it is against him in the performance of his duty. Not so much merit in the one as the other. He looked on the Bill as laying the foundation for pensions, like those of European countries. He moved the Bill be referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. John A. King advocated the Bill, contending that it was for the efficiency of the service. Its sections were so clear as to show that not the increase of one officer or one dollar was intended. It was for the House to act promptly. If the Bill should go to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, it would never be reached.

Mr. Jones moved to lay the Bill on the table.

The question was taken, and decided in the affirmative—yeas 94, nays 89.

Mr. Wentworth moved to reconsider the vote.

Mr. Toombs moved to lay the motion on the table; decided in the affirmative—99 to 91.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole, on the State of the Union on the Bill establishing a Branch Mint in New York, and a Branch Mint and Assayer's Office in San Francisco.

The pending question was on the substitute of Mr. Chandler, to establish a Branch Mint and Assayer's Office at San Francisco, and authorizing deposites of bullion for coinage at the Mints, to be deposited with the Assistant Treasurer at New York, to be sent to Philadelphia. The certificate of the Assistant Treasurer or Treasurers of the several Mints to be receivable in the payment of duties.

Mr. Chandler opposed the establishment of a Branch Mint at New York as a wanton waste of the public money, and proceeded to show, on the authority of a Director of the Philadelphia Mint, that the capacity of that Mint for coining is now competent for any probable or possible demand which can be made upon it, whether the coinage be a million or a hundred millions of dollars—whether the coins be double eagles, or all the smaller pieces. There was machinery, room and steam enough, and only more hands were required to extend the capacity of the Philadelphia Mint. He explained the provisions of his substitute, contending that they would answer business purposes in New York, and entered into a calculation to show that gold dust could be brought to Philadelphia from that city, and coin returned, for one-fifteenth the amount which it would require to establish a Branch in New York. He presented his objections at large to the Bill, which was, he said, to gratify a little city pride, the Branch not being required by public necessity nor economy.

Mr. Vandyke said he resided midway between the belligerent parties—Philadelphia and New York—and was interested only so far as necessity requires. He believed that there should be a Branch Mint at or near New York, and therefore moved to strike out New York in the Bill, and substitute Jersey City. He pressed this amendment, showing the conveniences of the last named place, and superior advantages in all respects. It would not cost one-half as much money as in New York. As a compromise, he hoped the amendment would be adopted.

Mr. King, of New Jersey, obtained the floor, and gave way to a motion that the Committee rise, which prevailed.

On the 31st, the New York and California Branch Mint Bills were under discussion. The Bill was discussed by King, of N. J., Florida, Disney, Holmes, Thompson, and Bayly—the last four spoke against the proposition to establish a Mint at New York; the first two in favor of it.

Mr. Cabell offered an amendment to come in at the end of first section, "provided one-fourth of the aggregate coinage shall be in gold dollars, one-fourth in quarter eagles, one-fourth half eagles, one-eighth eagles, and one-eighth double eagles. He said that the scoundrelism of the Philadelphia Mint at this time was very proverbial. (Laughter.) You will find, that during last year, more than twenty-three millions have been coined in double eagles, about two millions six hundred thousand in eagles, and the remaining million and a half in smaller coin. The object was very clear. It was to draw gold away from circulation among the people. It was the plan of bankers, jobbers and speculators, that they may not have competition with their shinplasters. The scheme was to plunder.

The amendment was declared adopted.

Mr. Van Dyke's amendment, substituting Jersey City for New York, was negatived.

Mr. Holmes offered an amendment, to establish a Mint at Charleston. Declared out of order.

After some remarks by Messrs. Brooks and Venable, the House adjourned.

On the 1st inst., Mr. Howard rose after the reading of the journal and announced the death of his colleague, David S. Kaufman. Yesterday, he said, Mr. Kaufman, at two o'clock, came to his desk, conversed on subjects of business relating to Texas, and then passed out. No member seemed to bid fairer for longer life. He was the image of vigorous and robust health.

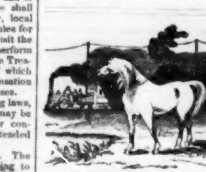
At the close of the day he (Howard) received a message that Mr. Kaufman was dying, and when he reached his lodgings, he found him pale and lifeless, under the cold hand of death! It seems that he left the Capitol at three o'clock, and proceed to his hotel in his carriage, when a friend whom he met remarked that he was ill and pale. He observed that he was unwell and should retire to bed. He did so, in the midst of his family, apparently not very much indisposed, and at about five o'clock, after having conversed with his wife and children, he breathed his last, almost without a struggle and without pain. The physicians in attendance pronounced the disease an affection of the heart. Summoned by the Great Messenger so suddenly and mournfully, reminds us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

Mr. Kaufman was a native of Cumberland co., Pa., and was born in 1813. He graduated at the Princeton College, in 1833, when he removed to Mississippi, and studied law with Gov. Quitman. He afterwards lived in Louisiana, and emigrated to Texas, where, in 1835, he was elected to the Texas Congress, and was Speaker of the House. He was the ardent friend of Annexation.

Mr. Howard passed a high eulogium on the private and public character of the deceased, concluding by offering the usual resolutions of regret, and that the members would attend the funeral on Monday.

Short eulogistic notices of the deceased were made by Messrs. Morse, McLanahan, (of Mr. Kaufman's native county,) and Mr. McClernand. The House adopted the usual resolutions, and then adjourned.

General News.



POLITICAL NEWS.

MARYLAND.—The Maryland Reform Convention [illegible] in session at Annapolis have unanimously [illegible] an article against changing the relation [illegible] master and slave.

State [illegible] CONVENTION BILL.—The Bill for a passed the [illegible] Reform Convention has HOMESTEAD [illegible] House unanimously. [illegible]diana has pass[illegible].—The Senate of Indiana $1,000 of real estate [illegible] Homestead Bill, exempting execution. It is [illegible] seizure and sale under done with this Bill in the [illegible] to what will be stood that the majority are [illegible] but it is under- of exemption law. [illegible] of some sort

RECOGNITION OF LIBERIA.—A [illegible] tional Intelligencer, states that a de[illegible] the American Colonization Society [illegible] on Hon. Daniel Webster, inquiring of [illegible] propriety of our Government recognizing th[illegible] the Republic of Liberia. Mr. Webster spoke en[illegible]couragingly to them on the subject, and referred them to President Fillmore, who also encouraged them.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Robt. Rantoul has been elected Senator for the unexpired term of Daniel Webster. The contest between Sumner and Winthrop is yet undecided.

RHODE ISLAND.—Charles T. James, (Dem.,) has been elected United States Senator on the eighth ballot. The vote stood—James 50, Whipple 20, Simmons 19, scattering 10. The Whigs have a decided majority, but could not agree on their candidate.

MISSISSIPPI.—Gov. Quitman has resigned the Gubernatorial chair to take his trial at New Orleans. The Henderson jury at New Orleans stood eight for conviction, and four for acquittal.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The House has passed to a second reading, by a vote of 50 ayes to 35 nays, the Bill repealing certain sections of the law of this State relative to fugitive slaves and kidnapping.

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF MONOMANIA IN THE BOSTON LUNATIC HOSPITAL.—The Superintendent, in noticing the mortality among the inmates, remarks:

"Among those who have died within the year, there have been several patients who have usually attracted considerable attention from visitors in consequence of certain peculiarities in the manifestations of their disease. The Queen of America lives no longer. The Queen of England, who occupied a room opposite to hers, will no more ridicule her pretensions by saying to her as she often did—'How absurd! You know there is no such personage.' The old German woman of eighty-five years has died; she who declared herself to be the mother of God, and who made and governed the world.

"The old man whose tenderness and care towards a wretched and violent epileptic patient were so remarkable, and who fancied that salmon were generated in him, and came out at his wrist,—he too has gone; as also has the woman with a beard, the presence of which became the cause of her insane melancholy,—the man, a farmer, who had discovered, as he imagined, a new compost, by means of which all the sand of Cape Cod could be made to bud and blossom as the rose—the old woman who suffered the most agonizing terrors of a *diseased* conscience, and who was almost incessantly demanding to be taken to execution for the murder of her husband and children,—the woman who was accustomed to declaim so vehemently in favor of Madame Darusmont, and woman's rights; these and many more have left us; and, shaking off their happy or unhappy delusions, we would hope they have entered on the enjoyment of the realities of a blessed eternity."

COOL!—Not long since, a jewelry store was robbed at Nashville, Tenn., and among the articles taken, was a diamond watch, worth $500. The watch was well-known throughout the country, and the thieves being aware of this fact, after keeping it a short time, returned it to the owner, accompanied with a note, stating that the watch was so generally known, that they could make no use of it; therefore he might have it, but as for the other articles, he need never hope to recover them, as they had been safely and properly disposed of. Cool, wasn't it?

THE WHEELING BRIDGE CASE.—Accounts from Washington state that the Supreme Court has intimated that a decision in the Wheeling bridge case will not be rendered this term, as the Court adjourns about the 10th of March, and the record from which to elicit a comprehensive brief is too voluminous. A copy of the testimony must go into the hands of each of the Judges, and as the evidence will constitute a volume of one thousand pages, it is preposterous to hope for an opinion until the term commencing in December next.

GROG-SHOPS FOR WOMEN.—A respectable New York paper asserts that there are certain secret places in that city, furnished in the most gorgeous style, and patronised most exclusively by women of wealth and fashion, who go there first for ice-creams, &c., then for claret, champagne, brandy, mint juleps, sherry coblers, and brandy slings.—"This is no fancy sketch; there are at this moment scores of women of the first rank in society who have become inveterate tipplers at these places."—*Bristol Temperance Register*.

HEAVY DAMAGES.—The Bloomington, McLean County, (Ohio,) Whig, says that the father of young Bryant, who died from injuries received from the upsetting of a stage last summer, has recovered *fifteen thousand dollars damages* against Messrs. Frink & Co., of Chicago, the stage proprietors.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 162—adults 75, and children 87.

Clippings.

☞ A person being asked what a ghost said to him, which he pretended to have seen, replied—"How should I know what he said? I am not skilled in any of the *dead languages*."

☞ In the Royal British Museum is a list of the wealth of the Convents which Henry VIII. plundered, and among the relics are forty bowls of the Virgin's milk, miraculously caught and preserved for the faithful.

☞ VALUE OF ADVERTISING.—It is said that 300 guineas have been offered for the privilege of advertising on the last page of the catalogue of the great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations.

☞ To injure a man's sight, there is nothing worse than sudden wealth. Let a woodsawyer draw a ten thousand dollar prize, and in less than a month he will not be able to recognize even the man that "used to go security for him."

☞ Captain Harris, the Abyssinian traveller, when introduced by especial favor, into the lady-chapel of the Cathedral of Shoa, is stated to have found the walls of that holiest of Abyssinian shrines hung round with colored prints of the great Leicestershire steeple chase.

☞ One of the Texas papers says there is no water in the vicinity of Austin nearer than two miles, and the people are obliged to swim their horses across the same to get it!

☞ "BLACK WALNUT AND MAHOGANY."—A young lady wrote to her brother, who is a farmer in Ohio, to ask whether he had as good furniture now, as when at home. He replied that she must not bother him with such questions, but to give her some idea of his style of living, would state that his entire farm was fenced with Black Walnut.

☞ WELL AND SIMPLY SAID.—Skelton, in one of his sermons, says—"An upright is always easier than a stooping posture, because it is more natural, and one part is better supported by another; so it is easier to be an honest man than a knave. It is also more graceful."

☞ RICHEST MAN IN VIRGINIA.—The editor of the Lynchburg Virginian says there is a gentleman residing in Pittsylvania County, who owns 1,500 or 2,000 slaves, and plantations almost without number. The increase of his slaves enables him annually to settle a large plantation.

☞ Sir Charles Scarborough's string of alternatives in his advice to the Duchess of Portsmouth were, "You must eat less, or use more exercise, or take physic, or be sick." This is excellent sense.

☞ The managers of the American Presbyterian Chapel in Rome have notified the Government that they should not comply with the order to close their chapel unless they were compelled to do so by force. The "Sacred College" wished to resort to violent measures, but were prevented by the advice of the French Minister.

☞ On the decease of a certain [illegible] man not much beloved, the following was inscribed in chalk, upon his coach-house door:—"He that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord. N. B.—The Lord oweth unto this man nothing."

☞ SINGULAR TEST.—There is a curious ordeal in India, which shows the action of fear upon the salivary glands. If a wrong is committed, the suspected persons are got together, and each is required to keep a quantity of rice in his mouth for a certain time, and then put it out again; and, with the greatest certainty, the man who had done the deed, put it out almost dry, in consequence of the fear of his mind keeping back the saliva.—*English paper.*

☞ A man in Washington City, who purchased cloth and sent it to a tailor to make into a coat, refused to receive the garment, alleging that it had been spoilt in the making. He sued the botch of a tailor for the amount of the cloth, and obtained judgment.

☞ It requires 3,500 sheep to be kept a whole year to support the Lawrence, Mass., mills with wool for one single day. They produce 1,500 shawls per day, and consume Cochineal to the value of £50,000 per annum. Three years since there were not 500 inhabitants in Lawrence, and now there are 10,000.

☞ It is with political lies as with social lies, sound policy despises them. They may gain a temporary triumph, but it is at the expense of a lasting defeat. They are sure to be found out. Yet so little do politicians understand this vulgar maxim, that they lie unscrupulously, and lie recklessly, seeming to prefer what Bacon calls "the crooked wisdom."

☞ The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, says that the Swiss Government have forwarded a beautiful stone from the Alps, to be placed in the National Monument at [W]ashington.

☞ The Pittsburg papers state that a wire sus[illegible] bridge is to be erected over the Ohio [illegible] that city in place of the wooden bridge.

☞ [illegible]cently. woman, [illegible] (Abraham's Sarah,) is the only death, is [illegible] whose age, at the time of her

☞ A late [illegible] the Holy Scriptures. are bluer than any [illegible] that the skies of Italy ception of Miss Smith [illegible] ever saw, with the ex- young woman he sits up [illegible] Miss Smith is the

☞ Lord Morpeth says [illegible] House of Representatives, [illegible] Adams, in the fine old game-cock. [illegible] kind of a

☞ Christ was born among the po[illegible] among the poor, toiled with the poor, [illegible] up for the poor. The cases in which He ever [illegible] in contact with rich men, are noted with emp[illegible]sis in Scripture, as remarkable exceptions.

☞ A great emigration of Mormons from England to the United States is now taking place. Late advices from Sweden also show that the Mormon Church is making progress there.

☞ The children are so dirty in a place on Cape Cod, that a mother frequently goes into the street and washes the faces of half-a-dozen children before she finds her own!

☞ FEMALE CHARMS.—The ladies in Japan paint the face white and red, the lips purple, with a golden glow; the teeth of a married lady are blackened, and her eyebrows extirpated.

☞ Lovers should guard their strangeness. If they forgive too much, all slides into confusion and meanness. It is easy to push this deference to a Chinese etiquette; but coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise; a lady is serene.—*Emerson.*

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Feb. 1, 1851.

REMARKS—Business is gradually assuming more activity, and a number of Southern and Western merchants have arrived, who are looking through the market preparatory to making their Spring purchases. Cotton has been in limited request, and in some instances lower rates have been accepted. Breadstuffs are dull of sale, but prices have undergone no material change. In Groceries and Provisions the transactions have been small, partly owing to the want of stocks to operate on.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been dull and inactive; the demand for shipment has been limited, and only 2,000 bbls standard brands have been disposed of at $4,62½ per bbl, at which it is freely offered; sales in lots for city consumption at $4,62½a4,75 for common and good brands, $5a5,25 for extra, and $5,50a6,50 for fancy Ohio and New York. Rye Flour has declined 12½c per bbl; sales of 350 bbls at $3,37½. Corn Meal is steady at $2,87½ per bbl, but the sales are limited.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 30th ult., comprised—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	11,022
do.	half bbls	158
Rye Flour,	bbls	162
Corn Meal,	bbls	1,921

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat continues limited, but prices are unchanged; sales of 4,000 bushels red at $1a1,05, and small lots of white at $1,10a1,11 per bushel. Rye is scarce; small sales of Pennsylvania at 70c. Corn was in good demand for shipment early in the week, but since the inquiry has been less active; sales of 20,000 bushels new yellow at 62½a63c afloat, and 60a61 in store on Broad and Market streets—a lot of white afloat sold at 62½cts. Oats are scarce; sales of 3,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 44a45, and Southern at 43½c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—Small sales of Mess Pork at $12,75, and Prime at $9,25 per bbl. A sale of 200 bbls new Mess at $14. Beef is dull. Bacon comes in very slowly. Sales of 200 hhds Hams in pickle at [illegible], and Shoulders at 5½c. Smoked Hams sell at 9a11c per lb. Lard is held at 8½a9c per lb. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There has been more doing, but prices are unchanged; Cottons and Woollens are held firmly in consequence of the reduced stocks, the high prices of the raw material, and the stoppage of a number of factories.

BARK—There is but little offering, and prices have advanced; sales of 120 hhds No. 1 Quercitron at $33 per ton.

BEESWAX—But little offering; sales of 1,500 lbs good Yellow at 25c per lb cash.

CANDLES—The demand continues limited for both Sperm and Tallow Candles, but prices are without change.

COAL—The inactivity which we have noticed in the Coal market for several weeks past still continues, and the receipts by railroad have fallen off—we quote Schuylkill White Ash by the cargo at $4, and Red Ash at $4,25 per ton. No Bituminous Coal arriving.

COFFEE—The stock in first hands has become exhausted, and prices are firm; sales of 600 bags Rio from second hands at 11a11½c per lb on time.

COPPER—Limited sales of English Sheathing at 21, and Yellow Metal at 19½a19c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—The market has been quiet, and in some instances lower rates have been accepted; sales of 700 bales Upland and New Orleans at 14a14½c per lb on time.

The following is a comparative statement of the receipts and stocks of Cotton at the shipping ports from 1st Sept. to latest dates:

	Receipts.		Stocks.	
	1850.	1849.	1850.	1849.
N. Orleans bales	461,218	424,937	221,081	190,751
Mobile	218,067	192,569	144,235	115,726
Savannah	147,407	160,121	47,981	35,045
Charleston	170,808	187,090	52,198	48,961
Florida	40,859	61,312	30,233	38,805
Texas	8,719	11,250	1,872	2,667
Virginia	8,034	2,300	1,300	800
N. Carolina	4,479	3,215	409	600
Total	1,075,984	1,042,730	542,886	491,064

The receipts at the different shipping ports show the following results:

Increase—New Orleans, bales		36,337	
	Mobile,	25,498	
	Virginia,	5,734	
	North Carolina,	1,264	—70,033
Decrease—Savannah,		12,614	
	Charleston,	16,292	
	Florida,	11,453	
	Texas,	2,540	—36,859
Total increase this season,			33,170

DRUGS AND DYES—The market has been very quiet, and prices of the leading articles have undergone no change. Sales of Refined Borax at 19½a20 cts; Cream Tartar 19; Soda Ash 3a3¼c per lb; and some E. I. Castor Oil at $1,15 per gallon.

FEATHERS—Prices are steady; small sales of good and prime Western in lots at 30a37 cts per lb cash.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel continues limited, and the sales in small lots from store, No. 1 at $10,75a11; No. 2 at $9,50a10, and No. 3 at $6,50a6,62½ per barrel. Codfish are steady at former rates.

FRUIT—A cargo of 3,250 boxes Sicily Oranges and Lemons have been disposed of on terms not made public. Small sales of Bunch Raisins at $1,60a2 per box. Sales of Dried Apples at $1,25a1,37½, and Peaches (unpared halves) at $1,87½a2 per bushel.

GINSENG—Continues scarce and in demand; we quote Crude at 40a41c per lb, cash.

GUANO—There is no change to notice.

HEMP—The market is quiet; at the close of last week 100 bales of Dew Rot sold on private terms.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals and no sales have transpired this week.

HOPS—Are dull. Small sales of first sort Eastern and Western at 34a36c per lb.

INDIGO—The stock is small and prices firm, but no large sales have transpired.

IRON—The market is quiet, and the sales confined to small lots of Anthracite at $21 per ton for No. 1, and $20 for No. 2. The ironmasters are indifferent about selling at present quotations, and decline at present contracting for parcels for future delivery. In Manufactured Iron no change.

LEAD—The market continues quiet. A sale of 300 pigs Galena at 5c per lb, cash.

LEATHER—Is in better demand, but prices are unchanged.

LUMBER—There is no change to notice in the market.

MOLASSES—The market is quiet. Small sales of New Orleans at 3[illegible]c, and 50 hhds sweet Trinidad at 23c on time.

NAVAL STORES—In Rosin, Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine sells in lots at 33a34c per gallon on time.

OILS—There is a moderate demand for Fish Oils, and further sales of Crude Whale have been made at 36a38c; Linseed is held firmly at 86a87c in casks and bbls. In Lard Oil no change.

PLASTER—No arrivals and no sales.

RICE—The demand continues limited. Small sales at 3¼a3½c per lb.

SALT—No arrivals this week and no sales.

SEEDS—There is a good demand for Cloverseeds and further sales of 900 bushels old and prime new, have been made at $4,75a5 per 64 lbs. In Timothy and Flaxseed nothing doing.

SPICES—Market quiet and no large sales reported.

SPIRITS—Brandy is held firmly, and further sales have been made from landing at full rates. N. E. Rum sells in lots at 31c. Whiskey is dull and has declined. Sales of bbls at 23½a23c, and hhds at 23a21, and in dark pkgs at 24c. To-day the market is firmer.

SUGAR—The market has been quiet, and prices have undergone no change; sales of 150 hhds New Orleans and Cuba at 6¼a6½c per lb on time.

TALLOW—Is steady; sales of Rendered, in lots, at 7½a7½c per lb.

TEAS—There is no change to notice in the market this week.

TOBACCO—Prices are fully maintained, but the sales are confined to small lots.

WINES—No large sales have transpired this week.

WOOL—The stock is materially reduced, and prices have an upward tendency; sales of 140,000 lbs, in lots, within the range of 37a52c per lb on time.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool but little offering; we quote Flour at 1s 3d per bbl; Grain 4½d per bushel, and Heavy Goods at 20s per ton. Colliers are in fair demand to load for Boston at $2,50 per ton, and $1,50 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

NEW YORK MARKETS, FEB. 1.

ASHES are $5,62½a5,68¾ for Pots, and $5,62½ for Pearls with small sales.

COTTON—The market for Cotton is steady, with sales of 1,000 bales. Yesterday there were some private transactions going on, and it is believed that the sales reached 3,000 bales. Middling Uplands are quoted at 13½. Mobile 13½. New Orleans 14c.

FLOUR, &c.—The market is steady for Flour with sales of 3,000 bbls at the rates of yesterday. Southern without material change, and 900 bbls was sold at $5a5,12½. Rye Flour better, with sales of 50 bbls at $4. Meal—firm with small sales.

GRAIN—There is no movement in Wheat. Rye is firm, with sales of 700 bushels at 80c. The Corn market continues firm, with sales of 2,000 bushels Long Island white at 67c, and 30,000 bushels Western mixed delivered in May, June and July, on private terms. Oats are 45a47 for Jersey, and 49a51 for Northern.

PROVISIONS—The market is dull for Pork, and we have only to notice sales of 300 bbls Mess at $12,12½, and $9,18¾a9,25 for Prime. Beef continues steady; about 300 bbls old Mess city inspection were made [illegible]. Lard quiet; sales 25 bbls Prime old at 8c; [illegible] kegs Canadian Butter at 12½.

[illegible]—Further sales of 250 bbls No. 1 Tur[illegible] made at $2,75a3, and 300 bbls Spirits of [illegible]c, time.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, [illegible] Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by [illegible] *John Taylor, J. W. Armstrong,* [illegible] *J. T. Dent, Romanes, Dr. Andro Wadsworth,* [illegible] *Lewis, W. Smiley.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Ala[illegible], is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Jackson, P. Jeda, Ben. Badsen, Geo. P. Bastion,* and *Thos. D. Nice.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
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Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.*
Of S. W. PEASE, *28 West Sixth Street, and 29 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.*
COURTENAY & WIENGES, *Charleston, S. C.*
Of J. WELD & Co., *New Orleans, La.*
Of J. W. RANDOLPH & Co., *Richmond, Va.*
Of W. ADAM, *Washington, D. C.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

SUDDEN CHANGES.—There is nothing more trying to the human constitution than sudden changes of weather. Heat rarifies the blood, and increases the perspiration; but when suddenly checked, those humors which should pass off by the skin, are thrown on inwardly, causing coughs, colds, consumption, difficulty of breathing, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, and many other complaints.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a delightful medicine for carrying off a cold—because they expel from the body those humors which are the cause of the above complaints. Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a few days carry off the most obstinate cold; at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and new life and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

For sale by agents in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 RACE Street, Philada.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, *No. 26 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, February 8, 1851.

PENNSYLVANIA.		MASSACHUSETTS.	
Philadelphia banks	par	All solvent banks	¼ dis
U S bank notes	11 dis	Pawtucket bk	failed
Chambersburg	¼ dis	Dorchester and Milton stolen notes	no sale
York	¼ dis	RHODE ISLAND.	
Berks county	no sale	All solvent banks	¼ dis
Gettysburg	¼ dis	Eagle bk, Bristol	¼ dis
Carlisle	¼ dis	Phœnix bk, Westerly stolen notes	no sale
Lewistown	no sale	CANADA.	
Brownsville	¼ dis	Montreal	3½ dis
Pittsburg	¼ dis	VIRGINIA.	
Waynesburg	¼ dis	Bk of Va & branches	1½ dis
Washington	¼ dis	Far bk & branches	1½ dis
Erie	1½ dis	Valley bk & branch	1½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed	Ex bk & branches	1½ dis
Lebanon	¼ dis	Wheeling	1½ dis
Lehigh county bk	no sale	NORTH CAROLINA.	
Towanda	no sale	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Honesdale	¼ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Harrisburg	¼ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
West Branch	par	So West R R	1½ dis
Wyoming	par	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Middletown	¼ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Northampton	no sale	GEORGIA.	
Schuylkill Haven	par	Bk of St Mary's	1½ dis
Pottsville	par	Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Danville	par	Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Relief notes	½a1 dis	Ruckersville bkg co	——
NEW JERSEY.		All solvent banks	1½ dis
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford,	par	Small notes	1½ dis
Plainfield	closed	ALABAMA.	
State bk at Morris	failed	Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	¼ dis	Country banks	3 dis
Farmers and Mech bk N. Brun.	uncertain	MISSISSIPPI.	
N Hope Del Bridge	failed	All banks	uncertain
Yard. Del Brige co.	10 dis	LOUISIANA.	
DELAWARE.		All solvent bks	1½ dis
All solvent banks	par	FLORIDA.	
Del City bk under 5's	¼ dis	So. Life & Trust Co	——
Other small	¼ dis	OHIO.	
MARYLAND.		Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Baltimore banks	¼ dis	Bk Norwalk	75 dis
Mineral bank	¼ dis	Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
Salisbury	uncertain	All solvent bks	1½ dis
Cecil bank	¼ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Frederick county	¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
Cumberland	¼ dis	All solvent bks	1½ dis
Washington county	¼ dis	Small notes	1½ dis
Hagerstown	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
Havre-de-Grace	failed	State bank	1½ dis
Far & Millers bk	no sale	Small notes	1½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		ILLINOIS.	
All solvent banks	¼ dis	Bank of Illinois	80 dis
NEW YORK.		State bank	70 dis
City banks	par a ¼ dis	Bank of Cairo	——
Bk Corning	10 dis	MISSOURI.	
Country banks	¼ dis	All solvent bks	1½ dis
MAINE.		TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	¼ dis	All solvent bks	2½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Bk East Tenn.	10 dis
All solvent banks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
VERMONT.		Bk of St Clair	no sale
Bank of St Albans	¼ dis	Far's & Mech's	2½ dis
All solvent banks	¼ dis	Gen. Stock bk	uncertain
CONNECTICUT.		ARKANSAS.	
All solvent banks	¼ dis	All banks	no sale
		WISCONSIN.	
		Mineral Point	——
		Bank of Milwaukie	——
		IOWA.	
		Miners bank	——

ATTENTION, CAPITALISTS!

PART OF A FERTILE AND BEAUTIful grazing farm, in Western N. Carolina, is offered for sale on extremely moderate terms. The whole tract contains from 13,000 to 19,000 acres, is situated in a delightful country where taxes are very moderate, and the cost of living less than any part of the United States. For full particulars inquire of the Editors of the Saturday Evening Post. febl-3t

N. B. A practical grazier would be preferred as a purchaser, to such the offer is very desirable.

I. O. O. F.

MASONIC AND ODD-FELLOWS' REGALIA

FOR LODGES AND ENCAMPMENTS.

J. W. & E. D. STOKES,
Merchant Tailors and Wholesale Dealers in Clothing. Manufacturers of Regalia, Robes, Costumes, &c., &c.,
No. 134 Market Street below Sixth Street,
would call the attention of those purchasing Regalia to their assortment, which is large, well selected and cheap; comprising a great variety of styles and qualities adapted to every degree and position in the Order. jan18-1y

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, (eighteen lines,) first insertion,	$2.00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1.50
For one square 6 months,	$20.00
For one square, a year,	$40.00

☞ Payment is required in advance.

ALMANAC.

Feb., 1851.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
				D. H. M.
8 Saturday	6 52	5 8	7 15	
9 Sunday	6 51	5 9	8 2	
10 Monday	6 50	5 10	8 53	
11 Tuesday	6 48	5 12	9 49	
12 Wed'nday	6 47	5 13	10 48	Last 1 12 47
13 Thursday	6 46	5 14	11 49	New 9 3 39
14 Friday	6 45	5 15	12 39	First 15 10 13
15 Saturday	6 44	5 16	1 29	Full 22 4 23

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Jan. 26,	43	53	58
27,	41	41	42
28,	34	40	41
29,	40	42	35
30,	15	18	81
31,	14	18	24
Feb. 1,	19	24	30

Marriages.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. H. S. Porter, D. D., JESSE KAUFFMAN, to CHARLOTTE KYLE, all of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. at St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. Wm. B. Stevens, Mr. WILLIAM A. HUNTER, to ROSALIE CECILIA, daughter of Alex. Allen.

On the 12th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM D. HANDY to LETITIA WILLIAMS, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. Dales, Mr. THOMAS BRADFORD, of Richmond, Va. to Miss RUTH INGRAHAM, of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Thos. S. Malcom, Mr. EBEN C. JAYNE, to Miss ELLEN F. MORRELANDER, all of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Richard Newton, N. B. HARRIS, to Miss SUSAN L. CROOK.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. T. L. Janeway, Mr. JESSE LEE, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Lewis Shinnick, all of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Humphreys, Mr. HENRY THORP, to Miss ELIZABETH J. HERRING, daughter of Abner Herring, of Delaware.

On the 28th ult. by the same, Mr. EDWARD CLIFT, son of Morgan Cliff, Esq. of Holmesburg, to Miss MARTHA HERRING, daughter of Abner Herring, of Delaware.

On the 11th ult. at Cape May Court House, by the Rev. Mr. Barney, Mr. SAMUEL MCSCHELLINGER, to MARTHA SWAIN, both of Cape May.

On the 5th of Dec. last, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, JAMES BROUGHTON, to Miss EMILY MOORE, both of this city.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. Charles Karsner, Mr. JAMES FURMAN, to Miss ELIZA B. AREY, both of Bordentown, N. J.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. SAMUEL KING, to Miss ELIZABETH VAN DUSIKAR, all of Frankford.

On the 18th Nov. last, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. D. SMITH HARKER, to Miss AMANDA CLARA, daughter of the late Samuel Rumer, Esq.

On the 5th of Nov. last, by the Rev. Mr. Bartlett, Mr. GEORGE HOWES, of Gloucester, N. J. to Miss MARIA E. HULL, formerly of Hagerstown, Md.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. E. J. Sourin, BERNARD BRADY, to Mrs. MARGARET GILROY, all of this city.

In this city, on the 4th of Nov. last, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. JAMES H. LATIMER, of Prince George county, Md. to ADELINA WAPLES, of Philadelphia.

Deaths.

On the [illegible] Springs, [illegible] daughter of [illegible] of disease of the heart, at Holly [illegible]

On the 30th [illegible] M. wife of Wm. H. Loud, and [illegible]

On the 29th ult. [illegible] Elizabeth T. Bryan, of Del. [illegible]

On the 30th ult. [illegible]ATILDA GAUL. [illegible] aged 32 years, [illegible] aged 81 years.

On the 27th ult. JOSE[illegible] JOHN WAGGAMAN, of [illegible] and Mary L. Kerr.

On the 30th ult. DANIEL H. [illegible] daughter of Joseph M. Griffith, of Spring Garden.

At Burlington, N. J. on the 30th [illegible] of Dr. C. [illegible] daughter of Nathaniel and Julia [illegible] years and 6 months.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. SARAH KNOX, aged [illegible]

On the 29th ult. MARGARET HART, aged [illegible]

On the 29th ult. EUNICE SHORRY, aged 78 years.

On the 27th ult. JOHN DUNSMORE, aged 46.

On the 28th ult. CHRISTIANA, daughter of Alexander Paton, formerly of Scotland, aged 77 years.

On the 28th ult. Mr. C. G. RAETZER, aged 63.

On the 28th ult. HANNAH, wife of Robert Laurie, aged 30 years.

On the 27th ult. Mr. NATHAN BROWN, aged 60.

On the 27th ult. LYDIA C. wife of Dr. B. H. Porter, aged 31 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. MARGARET CATLIN, aged 71.

On the 28th ult. LEAH, wife of Henry Sensholtz, aged 33 years and 7 months.

On the 28th ult. WILLIAM JONES, son of Wm. and Hannah Bryant, aged 2 years.

On the 28th ult. MARY MCCUSKER, aged 19 years.

On the 28th ult. WALTER, son of George and Catharine A. Bevan, aged 17 months.

On the 24th ult. JAMES, son of James and Serena McCurley, aged 4 weeks.

On the 27th ult. HENRY F. BYWATER, aged 10 mos.

On the 27th ult. CHARLES R. QUICKSALL, aged 7 months.

On the 27th ult. PENROSE BOND, aged 16 months.

On the 27th ult. MARY BARLOW, aged 16 months.

On the 28th ult. Mr. HENRY PERKINS, aged 69.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. CHRISTIANA DANENHOWER.

On the 25th ult. Miss EMMA M. SNYDER, aged 18.

On the 27th ult. JOHN RAPHUN, aged 55 years.

On the 27th ult. ELIZA MCTIERNAN, daughter of G. W. and Mary C. Brown, aged 17 months.

On the 29th ult. EMMA CLAKONS, daughter of R. F. and Harriet Osborne, aged 3 years and 27 days.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. ELIZABETH POOLE, daughter of the late Thos. Owen, aged 28 years.

On the 29th ult. ADELE STEROS, daughter of Levi and Rachel Cutler, aged 6 months.

MORE NEWS FOR THE SICK.
DR. SWAYNE'S
COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY!

HAVE you a cough?—Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry is the only remedy you should take to cure you.

For this plain reason:—That in a thousand cases where it has been used, it has not failed to cure.

Have you the Asthma, Bronchitis, Pains in the Side and Breast, Liver Complaint, Spitting of Blood, Tickling or Rising in the Throat?—Dr. Swayne's Wild Cherry is the old-established remedy, which will cure after all other remedies fail. Physicians, clergymen, all speak forth its praise.

The great superiority of this medicine over all others is, whilst it eradicates diseases, it invigorates the body, strengthens the weak and creates pure and rich blood, a power possessed by no other medicine. This is the grand secret of its wonderful success. Coleman & Maughs, Galena, Ill., state in a letter that it has effected some wonderful cures in that section, and that it is destined to supersede all other medicines of the present day.

Remember! No Wild Cherry preparation is genuine without *Dr. Swayne's Portrait* is on the wrapper around each bottle.

Prepared only by *Dr. Swayne, N. W. cor. of Sixth and Race, Philada., and for sale by dealers in medicine generally.* feb1-t

FROM THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY.
Marietta, Georgia, Feb. 17, 1848.
Opinion of Dr. J. B. Randall on the merit of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

WE HAVE BEEN INDUCED, in consequence of the benefits received from this medicine, to add our testimony in favor of its extraordinary healing propensities. We take great pleasure in stating that we have frequently used it ourself and administered it to others during the past year in cases of obstinate coughs, colds, soreness of the chest, &c., and always with the most happy result. We therefore cheerfully recommend to all afflicted with the above diseases, to TRY the Balsam of Wild Cherry.

The New York Evening Mirror says:—"Wistar's Balsam is still working wonders in curing the most desperate pulmonary diseases. We have not only witnessed its effects, but have seen a great many certificates, which place the efficacy of this invaluable medicine beyond all question. It was a custom among the early settlers of New England to drink freely of Wild Cherry tea in cases of colds and fevers. This tea was made by steeping the twigs and bark of the Wild Cherry tree, and drink freely morning and evening. The old Puritan Fathers used to regard it as the sovereignest thing on earth for all sorts of complaints, and there can be no doubt but the Balsam prepared by Dr. Wistar is one of the very best articles for Consumption that has yet been discovered."

For sale by the gross or dozen by LINN SMITH & Co., No. 8 North 3d street. Also, by Chas. Schaffer, Market street, and Fredk. Brown, 5th and Chesnut, Philadelphia; by A. B. & D. Sands, New York, and by Canly & Bartlett, Baltimore.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.—We feel prompted by every principle of humanity, to make known to the world the WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF THIS EXTRAORDINARY PREPARATION. Thousands have been relieved of a great amount of suffering and many lives saved by the use of it. It is acknowledged by the best judges of medicine to be the most elegant, scrofulic and salutary preparation now in use, and as a

DEPURATIVE REMEDY

seldom if ever equalled. It stands unrivalled for the cure of Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Scrofula, and all the various diseases arising from an

IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.

ALSO FOR

BILIOUS COMPLAINTS,

and is used with unprecedented success in all cases of FEMALE WEAKNESS AND GENERAL DEBILITY. Strengthening the weakened body, giving tone to the various organs, and invigorating the entire system, and also for the cure of the

LIVER COMPLAINT, CATARRH, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, COUGHS, ETC.

Those afflicted with Chronic Diseases of whatever form, will find this medicine not only pleasant to the taste, but a certain cure, if it be within the power of remedial agents to affect their disease.

It is composed of medicines so happily combined as to tend directly to give tone to the stomach and bowels, excite to healthy action the Liver and the whole Glandular System, stay Nervous Irritability, and promote the free action of the Lungs, thus rendering it applicable to all diseases of a

CHRONIC NATURE.

It is purely vegetable, and may be used in all cases and at all seasons of the year.

Prepared only by C. MORSE & Co., at 105 Fountain Street, Providence, R. I., and sold by Druggists all over the United States, Canada, &c.

General Agent—T. W. DYOTT & Sons, 132 North Second Street. Sole Agents for Philadelphia, and General Wholesale Agents for the United States. [illegible]

MOORE, HENSZEY & Co.,
Late Moore, Heyl & Co.,
IMPORTERS OF
HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND GUNS,
No. 139 MARKET STREET,
Between Third and Fourth, Philadelphia,
are now receiving their Spring assortment of Goods from Europe, and will be prepared to offer inducements to buyers visiting Philadelphia from the South and West. jan18-3m

MISS JANE MILLER would call the attention of purchasers to her STRAW AND FANCY MILLINARY Establishment, 80 North SECOND St. A large assortment of Bonnets, Caps, Children's Hats, Flowers, and a variety of Fancy Articles which she will sell at the lowest prices, wholesale and retail. Ladies who are disposed to patronize their own sex, are particularly solicited.

N. B.—Bonnets renovated. my18-1y.

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,
CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$5 00 TO $1
VESTS,	2 00 — 4
PANTALOONS,	3 50 — 8

WE STUDY TO PLEASE. dec28-1y

THE CHEAP BOOK STORE OF
PHILADELPHIA.
DANIELS & SMITH,
Dealers in
OLD AND NEW BOOKS,
No. 36 North Sixth Street, above Market,
respectfully invite attention to their large and choice collection of feb8-3m*
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOOKS,
embracing many scarce works, now "out of print," and, consequently, not often to be found on sale.
They pay particular attention to orders from
LIBRARY COMPANIES
and Literary Companies, and as this forms a considerable part of their business, they can furnish the most satisfactory reference as to ability, fairness, &c.

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA.—There is no remedy which is so universally successful in removing RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, &c., as
JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE.

The following certificate was enclosed in a letter from Dr. King, the Family Physician of Mr. Bond, who vouches for its correctness.

LOUISVILLE, Clay County, Illinois, November 4th, 1847.

☞ Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—Having been afflicted with Rheumatism for *eighteen years*, and tried many physicians, and resorted to every remedy I could hear of, but without success, at length by the recommendation of Dr. King, I was induced to try your medicines. I used a part of a box of SANATIVE PILLS, and two bottles of your Alterative, and feel myself perfectly cured. The pain in my leg, (which was the seat of the disease) began to abate in a few hours after taking the Alterative.

Yours, &c., FRANKLIN BOND.

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM CURED.

Mr. James Freeman, Muangua, Camden Co., Mo., writes June, 1849.

☞ Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—With no little gratitude, I avail myself of the opportunity of returning you thanks for timely relief in the use of your Alterative, in a protracted case of Chronic Rheumatism of two year's standing. By strictly following your directions, a speedy cure was effected at a small cost, as only eight bottles of Alterative were necessary to make a perfect cure. I sincerely recommend to the sick and afflicted, the value of this medicine, combined with efficiency and cheapness. Your medicines are really the poor man's friend. Yours, &c.

JAMES FREEMAN.

ANOTHER CASE.

SHARON, Whiteside Co., Ill., May 9, 1848.

☞ Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir—I have been for five years most awfully afflicted with Rheumatism. I caught cold by going into the water, and was so bad that for nine months I could not move in my bed. I have had good doctors to attend me, but they all gave me up, and told me that I could not be cured. I also took a great many medicines without any good effect. I was thirteen years old when I was taken, and I am now eighteen, which makes five years that I was compelled to sit in the house.

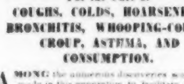
Last fall I had chills and fever, which left me with a very bad cough and pains in my side, shoulder, leg, and hip-joint, so that I could scarcely rise up in my chair. I heard of your medicines, and sent to your agent and got one of your almanacs, and also a bottle of your Alterative, of which I have taken six bottles, and am now almost as well as ever I was in my life, except that my hip is stiff. I can prove the truth of the above by more than thirty people, I refer you, however, to Mr. J. M. Barker, and Mr. Job Dodge, your agents at Prophetstown, Illinois. GEO. H. BAXTER.

AND STILL ANOTHER CASE.

☞ INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—[illegible] of Mr. Patterson, carpet weaver, Frank[illegible]. [illegible] to certify, that in the fall of 1848, I had a [illegible] attack of acute or Inflammatory Rheu[illegible] my [illegible] was confined more particularly to my hip [illegible] by which I was not only confined to obtain re[illegible] a long time rendered perfect[illegible] limbs, from my [illegible], either by night or day, [illegible] and were so [illegible] excruciating pains. My [illegible] bear the least jar of the [illegible] enormously awe[illegible] as though nothing w[illegible] could either subdue the [illegible]oved. It appeared [illegible] I gave up all ho[illegible] done for me [illegible] walk again, for I thought if I [illegible] life, I would still forever remain [illegible] God, JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE [illegible] with my [illegible] of which I took a dozen bottles, [illegible] thank directions for the treatment of Rheumati[illegible] in his Medical Almanac, which has effectu[illegible] me, and I now enjoy better health than I [illegible] vious to my having the Rheumatism, and have gained the perfect use of my limbs.

PETER PATTERSON.
Adams, near Main Street, Frankford, Pa.

Prepared and sold by Dr. D. JAYNE, 84 CHESNUT St., below Third Street. feb8-3m



CHERRY PECTORAL
For the Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

AMONG the numerous discoveries science has made in this generation to facilitate the business of life—increase its enjoyment, and even prolong the term of human existence, none can be named of more real value to mankind, than this contribution of Chemistry to the Healing Art. A vast trial of its virtues throughout this broad country, has proven beyond a doubt, that no medicine or combination of medicines yet known, can so surely control and cure the numerous varieties of pulmonary diseases which have hitherto swept from our midst thousands and thousands every year. Indeed, there is now abundant reason to believe a Remedy has at length been found which can be relied on to cure the most dangerous affections of the lungs.

From the President of Amherst College, the celebrated
PROFESSOR HITCHCOCK.

"James C. Ayer—Sir: I have used your CHERRY PECTORAL in my own case of deep-seated Bronchitis, and am satisfied from its chemical constitution, that it is an admirable compound for the relief of laryngial and bronchial difficulties. If my opinion as to its superior character can be of any service, you are at liberty to use it as you think proper.

EDWARD HITCHCOCK, L. L. D.

From the widely celebrated
PROFESSOR SILLIMAN, M. D., L. L. D., *Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy, &c., Yale College, Member of the Lit., Hist., Med., Phil. and Scientific Societies of America and Europe.*

"I deem the CHERRY PECTORAL an admirable composition from some of the best articles in the Materia Medica, and a very effective remedy for the class of diseases it is intended to cure."

New Haven, Ct., Nov. 1, 1849.

MAJOR PATTISON, *President of the S. C. Senate*, states he has used the CHERRY PECTORAL with wonderful success, to cure an inflammation of the lungs.

From one of the first Physicians in Maine.
SACO, Me., April 26, 1849.

Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell: Dear Sir: I am now constantly using your CHERRY PECTORAL in my practice, and prefer it to any other medicine for pulmonary complaints. From observation of many severe cases, I am convinced it will cure coughs, colds, and diseases of the lungs, that have put to defiance all other remedies.

I invariably recommend its use in cases of consumption, and consider it much the best remedy known for that disease. Respectfully yours,
I. S. CUSHMAN, M. D.

Prepared and sold by JAMES C. AYER, Practical Chemist, Lowell, Mass., and sold by Druggists everywhere. Price $1.00 per bottle. Six bottles for $5. feb1-6t

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LADIES' SHOE MANUFACTURERS,
No. 37 North THIRD Street,
WOULD call the attention of Merchants and Dealers generally, to their large assortment of Ladies' and Childrens' BOOTS and SHOES, manufactured of the best materials, and under their own superintendence. J. F. ORAM.
jan18-3m J. L. TAYLOR.

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A NUMBER OF ACTIVE MEN, to go South and West. Also some in the New England States, to act as Agents for the sale of NEW AND POPULAR WORKS. $300 per year profits over and above their expenses, will be insured them, with an opportunity of clearing $1,000 per year, and more if they are active. Some men now in our employ will no doubt make over $1,000 per year clear of all expenses, and there are chances for others to do the same. Each man will have his district, and it will be necessary for them to have at least $25 or $50, to obtain a good fitting out. A. WINCH,
No. 116 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.
☞ All letters must be post-paid. [illegible]

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It is useless to enumerate styles, qualities or terms. Suffice it to say that as we have a large factory, and manufacture our own Papers, we can warrant them equal to any respect to any that can be produced in this country. Call and satisfy yourselves.

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GEORGE J. HENKELS,
CABINET MAKER,
AND
UPHOLSTERER,
NO. 173 CHESNUT STREET,
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LATEST DESIGNS,
For DRAWING-ROOMS AND CHAMBERS,
and will be sold at the lowest possible rates, for cash, or approved city paper.
ALSO, AN ASSORTMENT OF
ELEGANT ROSEWOOD AND SQUARE
PIANOS,
For sale at very reduced prices. feb22-1y

TREMENDOUS REVOLUTION IN LITERATURE.—The extraordinary facilities now afforded to the people of this vast Continent by the new postal reform, bringing the charges on Pamphlets, Reviews, Magazines, and all Books not weighing over thirty ounces, (and it takes a large Book to weigh as much) to merely nothing, will tend to supersede all the minor Bookstores throughout the country, and make every Post-office a Bookstore. Foreseeing all this, we, in this great revolution, as in the first, which brought the price of Books within the reach of all, take pride in being the Pioneer. This last wise act of our National Legislature, has given us the power to place knowledge at the fireside of the remotest hamlet of California, at so trifling a cost, that it would be a national disgrace if we are not the most intelligent people on the face of the earth. Persons may order from the subscribers with the most perfect confidence of their requests being promptly complied with, *of the article at its price*. A sufficient sum of money must accompany each order to defray expense, (post-paid,) and where it exceeds, our best judgment will be used to give value for any balance.

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A remittance (gold preferable, as it saves a large discount) of

$1 will procure books, etc., at *retail prices*, worth	$1 25
$2 " " " " "	$2 50
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Dealers in any part of the world entitled to the same terms.

If this is not retailing books at *wholesale prices*, we do not know what is. And for our ability to do what we propose, we refer to any respectable Bookseller in the United States.

Country papers throughout the United States giving this advertisement two insertions, will receive a copy of "Tremayne's Post-offices and Post-masters of the United States," retailed at $1, (which every editor should have,) and one dollar's worth of any books they may order. Address,

WESLEY F. BURGESS & Co.,
Wholesale and retail Cheap Booksellers 22 Ann St., New York. feb1-3t

P. S. Please call attention editorially.

HUSBAND'S
CALCINED MAGNESIA
Is represented in the Report of the Franklin Institute "TO BE THE BEST IN THE UNITED STATES."
FIRST PREMIUMS, OR SILVER MEDALS,
WERE awarded for it by the Franklin Institute, Pa., by the American Institute, N. Y., and by the Mechanics' Institute, Mass., at their late Exhibitions.

The certificates of many of the most eminent physicians of Philadelphia and other places recommend it as
EQUAL TO THE GENUINE HENRY'S.

It is free from unpleasant taste, and three times the strength of the common Calcined Magnesia.

The wholesale price less than one-half that of Henry's. For sale by the Druggists in the principal cities in the Union, and by the manufacturer,
jan18-3t THOMAS J. HUSBAND,
N. W. corner of 3d and Spruce Sts., Philada.

CAMBLOS & BROTHER,
EXCHANGE BANKERS,
No. 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
UNCURRENT BANK NOTES and GOLD and SILVER COIN, will be bought and sold on the most reasonable terms.
BILLS, NOTES and DRAFTS, throughout the United States, will be promptly collected; and EXCHANGE on all the Principal Cities, furnished at the lowest possible rates. jan 4-1y

☞ TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.
NEW PICTORIAL WORKS!
JUST PUBLISHED BY R. SEARS,
AND FOR SALE AT
No. 128 Nassau Street, New York.

AMERICAN GIFT BOOKS FOR 1851.
[illegible] ARE WANTED to circulate the following new [illegible] Works.—(Retail Price, $2,50 per vol.)—
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With [illegible] HISTORY OF CHINA AND INDIA;
and their [illegible] Account of those Countries [illegible] thentic [illegible] tor has treated [illegible] from the earliest period of an[illegible] also of the Man[illegible] present time. In which the Ed[illegible] and Domestic Habits [illegible] Historical Events, but Empires [illegible] Religion, Literature. The Embellishments [illegible] of those immense of the first order, illustrating [illegible] the inhabitants, regarding their [illegible] hundred, and cupations, their mode of Agric[illegible] peculiar to Pursuits, Arts, &c. They are ac[illegible] one has been made expressly for the [illegible]
The volume forms a large octavo, co[illegible] between five and six hundred pages, printed [illegible] style, and on good substantial white paper. [illegible] finished to Agents, handsomely bound in muslin, or leather, as the purchaser may prefer, at a very liberal discount, when quantities of not less than twenty copies are ordered at one time.

II.
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Comprising the most striking and remarkable events of the Revolution, the French War, the Tripolitan War, the Indian War, the Second War with Great Britain, and the Mexican War, with THREE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS!
600 pp. Octavo; Retail Price $2.50 per volume.
☞ Orders respectfully solicited.

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The subscriber publishes a large number of most valuable Books, very popular, and of such a moral and religious influence that while good men may safely engage in their circulation they will confer a public benefit, and receive a *fair compensation* for their labor.

They are too numerous to be described in this advertisement. Persons wishing to engage in the sale of them, will receive promptly by mail a circular containing full descriptions, with the terms on which they will be furnished, by addressing the Publisher, *post-paid.* ROBERT SEARS,
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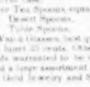
To Publishers of Newspapers throughout the United States.

, Newspapers copying this advertisement, *entire*, well displayed, as above, without any alteration or abridgement, (including this notice,) and giving it *one* or more insertions, shall receive a copy of any one of our $2,50 or $3 works, (*subject to their order*,) by sending direct to the Publisher.

☞ No letter will be taken from the office unless post-paid. dec14-2m

O. H. PARTRIDGE, M. D.
No. 193 SPRUCE Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Continues to give his particular attention to the treatment of
DISEASES OF THE THROAT, SCROFULA AND DISEASES OF THE SKIN.
Office hours 7 a. m. 1 p. m. and 7 p. m. dec14-3m

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



Just received a fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches and Jewelry, at the Philadelphia Watch and Jewelry Store, No. 96 North Second street, corner of Quarry, at the following low prices:

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case,		$28.00
Gold Lepine Watches, jewelled, 18 carat case,		24.00
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,		12.00
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled,		9.00
Silver Quartier Watches,	from $4.50 to	9.00
Premium Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with fine silver case,		1.00
Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin,	per set	5.00
" Desert Spoons, do.	do.	10.00
" Table Spoons, do.	do.	15.00

Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware. O. CONRAD,
No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry.
Watches carefully Repaired by experienced Workmen and Warranted. sep7-ly*

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WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* cannot be surpassed by any in the country. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to.

N. B.—Omnibusses run from the Exchange past the factory every few minutes.
WM. D. ROGERS

ARCHER & WARNER,
MANUFACTURERS,
NO. 119 CHESNUT STREET,
Would call the attention of purchasers to their extensive assortment of
ELEGANT LAMPS,
CHANDELIERS, BRACKETS, PENDANTS,
and other fixtures of original and splendid designs, and of the best workmanship and finish. The recent award of a gold medal by the Franklin Institute for the good improvement exhibited in their workmanship and especially for the BEAUTY and GRACE of their
ORIGINAL PATTERNS,
is a guarantee that persons purchasing at this establishment will be furnished with an article that will be satisfactory in all respects.

They also introduce Gas Pipes into buildings in the best manner, and at the lowest rates, and attend to all kinds of altering and repairing. All work done by this house
WARRANTED SATISFACTORY.
The recent introduction of approved machinery, and the division of labor instituted in their factory, enable them to offer articles of [illegible] mar16-tf
ORIGINAL PATTERNS,
that will compare with any establishment in the country, in regard to either workmanship or price.

Selected Poetry.

YOU AND I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Who would scorn his humble fellow
For the coat he wears?
For the poverty he suffers?
For his daily cares?
Who would pass him in the footway
With averted eye?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who, when vice or crime repentant,
With a grief sincere
Asked for pardon, would refuse it—
More than heaven severe?
Who to erring woman's sorrow
Would with taunts reply?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would say that all who differ
From his sect must be
Wicked sinners, heaven rejected,
Sunk in Error's sea,
And consign them to perdition
With a holy sigh?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would say that six days' cheating,
In the shop or mart,
Might be rubbed by Sunday praying
From the tainted heart,
If the Sunday face were solemn,
And the credit high?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would say that Vice is Virtue
In a hall of state?
Or that rogues are not dishonest
If they dine off plate?
Who would say Success and Merit
Ne'er part company?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would give a cause his efforts
When the cause is strong,
But desert it on its failure,
Whether right or wrong?
Ever siding with the upmost,
Letting downmost lie?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Who would lend his arm to strengthen
Warfare with the right?
Who would give his pen to blacken
Freedom's page of light?
Who would lend his tongue to utter
Praise of tyranny?
Would you, brother? No—you would not.
If you would—not I.

Pictures of Life.

HUNGARIAN MILITARY SKETCHES.

From a translation of portions of a volume of Tales and Sketches by Hungarian authors, we take the following sketches of scenes in the late Revolution. They present the Hungarian military character in a vivid and romantic light:

A BALL.

This is a letter from a young lady to a friend, describing her and her mother's terror at the anticipated arrival of a Hungarian division, after English Guyon's glorious victory at Branisko; and relating how the old woman hid herself in cupboards and clock-cases, and urged her daughter to stain her face black, in order to diminish her personal attractions—advice which the daughter, not exactly comprehending its motive, most indignantly rejects. Presently she is astonished by the arrival of a couple of handsome hussar officers, instead of the leather-clad Calmuck-visaged barbarians, seven feet high, and with beards to their waists, which her mamma has predicted; and still more is she surprised when, instead of breaking open doors and ill-treating women, the new comers organise a ball for that very night—a ball which she attends, and where she is greatly smitten with an elegant Captain of Honveds. He has just led her out to dance, when the ball-room [illegible] rattle to the sound of cannon, and [illegible] hussar announces an attack upon [illegible]. The officers buckle on their sabres [illegible] the fight, begging the ladies [illegible] their return. In little more than an hour [illegible] the enemy, and [illegible] to the dance. But [illegible] ball-room. They have [illegible] not amongst them. The return flushed and [illegible] re-formed, but Laura still [illegible] the handsome H[illegible]. A tall dry-mannered Major, interrupted [illegible]tion, approaches her. "Fair [illegible] awaits her [illegible]s, "your partner begs a thousand [illegible] his absence. With the best will in [illegible], he cannot have the pleasure of dancing with you, for his leg has been shot away and amputated above the knee."

THE HUNGARIAN HUSSAR.

All who have read Max Schlesinger's admirable narrative of the *War in Hungary*, will as surely remember his account of the Hungarian hussar, "the embodiment of Magyarism, born and reared upon the heath," loving his country before all things, and, next to his country, his horse. "There are no soldiers in the Austrian army," says Schlesinger, "who can compare with him in chivalrous daring, dexterity, precision in manœuvres, strict subordination, cleanliness and fidelity." Mr. Sajo loves to exalt the virtues, and exemplify the eccentricities, of this fine race of cavalry soldiers. In several of his tales he introduces the heroic hussar, cheerfully suffering and sacrificing himself for Hungary's good and the honor of his corps. The opening scene of *The Chapel at Tarczal* is an amusing sketch of one of these veterans, thoroughly persuaded of the immeasurable superiority of the Magyar over all other men, and of the hussar over every other soldier.

The Austrians had won the battle; the Hungarians had lost it. The Austrian General was taking his ease in his quarters, with his staff around him; an officer entered, and reported the capture of a hussar.

"Bring him in," said the General, who was in excellent humor. He himself wore the uniform of the hussar regiment he had formerly commanded, and had unbuckled his sabre and made himself comfortable; whilst his officers stood around buttoned to the chin, and strictly according to regulation.

The hussar entered—a bare-headed veteran with gray mustaches. His face was still black with the smoke of Schwechat's battle; his stiffly-waxed mustaches stuck out fiercely right and left. He glanced gloomily around him, evidently ill-pleased with his company, until his eye fell upon the General. Then a gleam came over his features, like the sun breaking through a cloud, and he was near shouting for joy. The General laughed, and clapped his hands together. He recognised old Miska, his former orderly, who had served him for five years in Szoboszlo.

"Do you know me again, old man?" said he, good-humoredly.

"At your service, Colonel," replied the hussar, raising his hand to his brow, as though his schako were still on his head.

"General, not Colonel," interposed one of the officers.

Silently and contemptuously the hussar measured the speaker with his eyes, wondering that an infantry-man, Captain though he might be, dared intrude upon the conversation of hussars.

"So you have let yourself be taken prisoner, Miska?" said the General, willing to tease his old servant.

"What could I do, Colonel? There were so many against me. I got into a crowd of them."

"You knocked over a few, I dare say."

"I did not count them, but *something* remained upon the ground."

"Right, Miska. Let them give you a dram, and then go to my grooms; if anybody meddles with you, give him as good as he brings."

The hussar thanked his former Colonel, but seemed in small haste to leave the room. The General noticed him no farther, but turned again to his officers and resumed the discussion of his plan of campaign. Suddenly he felt a pull at his pelisse, and turning, beheld Miska, who had stolen quietly behind him. With an unintelligible gesture, and a countenance of extraordinary mystery, the hussar pointed to something.

"Colonel! Colonel!" he whispered, redoubling the eagerness of his gesticulations. The General had no notion of his meaning. "Colonel, reach me yonder sabre from the corner."

"What the d—l do you want with it?"

"Only give it here! In two minutes there shall not be a German in the room."

Miska thought his Colonel was a prisoner.

The General burst into a hearty laugh, and told his officers of the hussar's kind intentions towards them. The laughter became general. The officers crowded round the old soldier, clapped him on the shoulder, and made much of him.

"Well, Miska, you will take service with us, eh?" said the General, curious to hear his answer.

"There are no hussar regiments here?" replied the old soldier, twisting his mustaches.

"What matter? You shall be a cuirassier. We'll make a serjeant of you."

"Many thanks. Can't stand it. Should have been serjeant long ago, if I could write."

"What do you think of doing then? Eat your ration in idleness?"

"Not so—by your honor's favor—but make a run for it."

The honest answer pleased the General. The hussar saw that it did.

"A whole regiment of those gaiter-legged fellows could not keep me," he added.

One of the officers asked him angrily why he wished to go back. Those were mistaken, if any, who expected a rude answer from the hussar.

"Yonder is my regiment," he replied, again twirling his mustache. "A true soldier bides by his colors."

To this nothing could be objected.

"Well, Miska, that you may not desert from us, I let you go free."

"Thanks, Colonel." Once more the hand was raised to the schako's place.

"You can go."

The hussar lingered, rubbed his nose, and frowned.

"Colonel—you surely do not intend me to pass through the whole camp in hussar uniform, and on foot. I should die of shame. Let them give me back my horse."

"Your horse? That is the Emperor's property, my son."

"I crave your pardon, Colonel! I reared the horse myself from a colt. I have ridden it for ten years, and it comes at my whistle. By every right it belongs to me. I would rather a bullet hit me than lose the good brute."

"Well, take it."

Even now the hussar did not seem satisfied.

"Colonel! can I go back to my regiment in this scandalous manner? without my sabre? I shall have to run the gauntlet; they will think I have sold it for drink."

"It shall be restored to you." The General made sign to his orderly; the hussar saluted, and turned to depart. But at the door he once more paused, and gazed pathetically at his former chief.

"Colonel!" he said, in the most insinuating tone he could command.

"Well?"

"Colonel—come over to us!"

And with a bound he was out of the room, feeling well enough that he had said something extraordinarily stupid, but which he could not help saying though it had cost him his head.

When horse and sabre were restored to him, one of the General's grooms, a mischievous fellow, trod on the hussar's spur, breaking the rowel, and then sprang aside laughing.

The old hussar shook his clenched fist menacingly.

"Wait a little, Italian!" he cried, "I will find you yet." Then saluting the General's window with his sabre, he galloped away.

It was thought that a tear glistened in the General's eye, as he turned to his staff, and said—

"Such soldiers should we have!"

Such were the soldiers with whom Gorgey drove before him the best Generals of Austria; with whom he triumphed in that brilliant conflict, of fourteen days' duration, which terminated in the capture of Pesth, the relief of Komorn, and the complete retreat of the Imperialists. These were the men who rode up to the very mouths of the Austrian cannon at Isaszeg, and who followed, in twenty conflicts, the well-known war-cry of the gigantic Serb, Damjanics. Of this last-named general (of whom Schlesinger has given many interesting details,) we find an interesting and authentic anecdote in Sajo's vigorous military sketch, entitled *The Two Brides*.

Damjanics and his troops encamped in the night at two leagues from Szolnok. In order of battle, and without watch-fires, they there awaited the signal to advance. The signal was the sound of cannon, fired beyond the Theiss.

The Hungarian General had already fought many battles, won many victories, taken [illegible] standards. When he began a battle, he p[illegible] himself in front of his army, looked [illegible]ng and [illegible] was strongest, shouted "Mir [illegible] low me!) and rushed forward, [illegible] like this way, crushing all before him. It [illegible]ances that, to be [illegible] There were persons who [illegible] enough to win battles and who wearied him [illegible] permanent evidence of a renowned General [illegible] to future generations; [illegible] one must [illegible] speeches, issue proclamations, merit, to be [illegible] one must [illegible] to pass, when he marched away and [illegible] Banat, that he addressed to the hostile [illegible] the province, a proclamation which has become celebrated. It was word for word as follows:—

"Ye dogs!

"I depart. But I shall come back again.

"If in the interval you dare to stir, I will extirpate you from the face of the earth; and then, that the seed of the Serbs may be extinct, I, the last of them, will shoot myself."

The success of this first attempt so encouraged the General, that, after much persuasion, he gave a solemn promise to make a speech to his army when next they went into action.

On the eve of the battle, Damjanics felt his spirits extraordinarily low.

"Strange," thought he to himself, "never yet have I trembled at the approach of a fight, but now I feel as if I had no stomach for it." And he sought within himself the cause of this unaccustomed mood, but all in vain.

Presently, however, one of the staff-officers came to remind him that, before the next day's battle, they expected to hear the speech he had promised them.

"D—l take it!" cried the General. "*That* was what made me shake in my boots. But never fear, it shall be done—I will venture it—the speech you shall have."

He had drawn out his plan of battle in a quarter of an hour. But morning dawned whilst he was still hammering at his speech.

The troops stood in order of battle. Damjanics rode along the front of the line. Everybody knew he was to make a speech, and what a cruel task it was to him.

Before the colors of the ninth battalion he halted, raised his hat and spoke:

"Comrades!"

At that instant the artillery beyond the Theiss opened out its first discharge. The General's face glowed, he forgot phrases and oration, tore his sabre from the scabbard, pressed his schako down upon his brow, and—

"Yonder is the foe: follow me!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder. A tremendous hurrah was his army's reply, as they followed their leader, with the speed and impetuosity of a torrent, to the familiar encounter of the Austrian cannon.

"Why is it," said Damjanics, as he limped up to the gallows, after seeing seven of his brave comrades executed before his eyes, on the morning of the fatal sixth of October, 1849—"why is it that I, who have ever been foremost in the fight, must here be the last?" That was no empty boast in the dying man's mouth. "To Damjanics," says Schlesinger, "after Gorgey, belongs the glory of all the battles from Hatvan to Komorn. From the commencement of the movement, he was the boldest champion of the national cause." And whatever his staff and his Austrian executioners may have argued from his oratorical incapacity and his ignominious death, neither, assuredly, will prevent his name's preservation on posterity's list of patriot-heroes, even though he should never obtain the monument which it has been predicted that Hungary will one day erect to him, upon the spot where he mounted the scaffold.

THE MERRY LIEUTENANT.

From the Memoirs of a Quarter-Master.

I never saw such a man as my Lieutenant. It is not because he was my Lieutenant that I say so, but a merrier fellow was not to be found in the army. Were I a poet or a scholar, I would make a fine romance out of his adventures; but as I unfortunately lack the learning, I must be content to set down a few odd incidents of our joyous camp life, just as they occur to my memory. It gives me pleasure to recall these anecdotes of my late master, who was Lieutenant in the volunteers. Those who knew him will not have forgotten how gay a wooer he was with women, and how brave a soldier in war.

They transferred us to a battalion that lay in Siebenburgen, and which was not yet completely equipped. Our principal wants were muskets and cartouch-boxes. Nobody had a great-coat; and, in another respect, the battalion was quite uniform, for every one went barefoot. My Lieutenant often complained to the Captain, who had been a Bohemian forester, and afterwards a coffee-roaster in Pesth, but who, when his daughter's husband was promoted to be a Major of our battalion, was by him appointed Captain—to him, I say, the Lieutenant repeatedly complained that the poor soldiers were frozen, and should at least be supplied with great-coats. But all in vain; the superior officers gambled the money sent them by Government for the equipment of the troops; and all my Lieutenant could obtain from the ex-coffee-roaster was a bon-mot which Napoleon, he said, had addressed to his soldiers when they complained in Egypt of bad clothing: "Avec du pain et du fer on peut aller à Chine."

The Lieutenant made me write these words on one hundred and fifty small slips of paper, pinned these upon his men's shoulders, and said—"There, my lads, are your great-coats." Boots were all that was now wanting. One fine morning we received a hundred and fifty bran-new blacking-boxes!

"*Excuse moi*," said the Lieutenant: "'tis good; instead of boots, they send us blacking." And next day, when the little gray General passed a review, our company marched past with their bare feet blackened and polished, with spurs drawn in chalk upon their heels. The General laughed at first, and then reprimanded the Major. The Major laughed too, and scolded the Captain. Finally, the Captain abused my Lieutenant, who abused him in return; but, as the one understood no Hungarian, and the other no German, the dispute led to nothing.

At last we got ourselves shod, by gloriously ransacking a Wallachian village, and thrusting our feet into the red boots the women had left behind them. Thenceforward our company was known everywhere as "the regiment of Red Boots."

In our first engagement we had not much to do. The enemy fired at us from a distance, whilst we stood still and looked at them. Some of the recruits bobbed their heads aside when they saw the shot coming through the air.—"Don't shake your head, my man," the Lieutenant would say; "you might chance to knock it against a cannon-ball." In the second action we took a gun from the enemy. It came up very near us and unlimbered; but, before it had time to fire a shot, my Lieutenant made the soldiers believe it was one of our own guns; that the enemy were about to capture it; and could we suffer this? We could not suffer it, and rushed on: a few shots met us; but before we well knew what we did, the gun was in our power.—The whole was over in less time than I take to tell it.

From that day forward nobody made fun of the Red Boots, and soon we were supplied with muskets. Many of these were hardly fit to fire with; but bayonet and butt were always there, wherewith to thrust and strike.

* * * * * * *

It was in the dog-days. For three months we had received no pay. At last, to silence my Lieutenant's terrible expostulations, they sent us money—fifteen notes of a hundred florins each.

The salaries of Government officials were paid in fifteen-kreuzer pieces; the money we soldiers wanted, for our daily bread, was sent in hundred-florin notes. Of course, nothing could be easier, in the Wallach hamlets in which we were cantoned, than to get small change for fifteen hundred-florin notes!

Whilst my Lieutenant was grumbling over this, and puzzling his head how to divide the few large notes into many small ones, a courier arrived and brought him a letter.

The Lieutenant read the letter and laughed out loud. Then he ordered a parade. He was the only officer present. Two Captains and a Major were constantly rambling about, and seldom saw their battalion, but left everything to my Lieutenant. So he ordered the drums to beat for muster; and when the men were assembled, he informed them that their pay had come just in the nick of time. Then he produced the fifteen hundred florins* and a pair of scissors, made the soldiers file past, and cut off a slip of the notes for each one of them. It was the only way to divide them.

This done, he came singing and whistling into his quarters, laughed and cut jokes, played a thousand pranks, and at last called to me and asked if I had a dry cloth at hand, to wipe up something.

I answered that I had.

"Go and fetch it, then." And he co[illegible] to laugh and jest, and seemed in most [illegible] good humor. "Make haste," he [illegible] me, as I hurried to fetch the [illegible] sure he was going to play me [illegible] he looked so sly and co[illegible] the order. [illegible] I heard the re[illegible] next room. Towel in [illegible] Whilst I sought [illegible] door. The room was full of smoke [illegible] and, I threw [illegible] "to wipe up?" I asked. [illegible] said the Lieutenant, who lay [illegible] ground. The warm heart's-blood from a wound in his breast; in his hand [he] held a pistol and the letter he had that morning received.

The letter announced the catastrophe of Vilagos—(Gorgey's Treason). In two minutes he was dead.

Thus did my Lieutenant make a fool of me at last.

The various memoirs of the Hungarian war record more than one instance of self-destruction and insanity, amongst the enthusiastic defenders of the Magyar cause, consequent upon Gorgey's shameful surrender, and the final downfall of their cherished hopes. As far as the suicide goes, therefore, there is nothing improbable in the conduct of the eccentric Lieutenant.

* The notes issued from Kossuth's bank-note press were, of course, worthless when the revolution was suppressed.

Miscellaneous.

THE HONEY BEE.

A lecture on the Honey Bee was recently delivered before the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, by Dr. Morris. A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, in noticing the lecture, makes some interesting statements, and furnishes some practical hints. Bees, said the lecturer, are villainous thieves. They enter the hive and steal away the honey. Bees never pay complimentary visits. A bee never lights upon the platform of a hive not its own with honest intentions. The careful observer will instantly detect a stranger bee. It is well known as an enemy by the guard at the entrance to the hive; for a guard, day and night, is stationed there of sufficient force to repel intruders, and will certainly do it if this entrance in size is properly adjusted to the use of the community. Attention to this subject will prevent robberies among bees. Where, however, the entrance is of an unnecessary and unreasonable size, enemies will effect an entrance in spite of the guard. Then a war of extermination or subjugation ensues. It is fierce and dreadful. Reinforcements on both sides are rapid, and many bees are slain. The battle is soon determined, nearly always in favor of the assailants. The strong are most likely to attack the weak. The vanquished party then unite with the conquerors, assist to carry away their own honey, and go with it. Such is the war of bees. The following is the best way to manage robbing bees.—Close the door of the hive five minutes; in this time the robbers will have obtained their loads, and will be pressing to the door. Open it, and let them out, and as soon as the hive is emptied of these intruders, close again so nearly as that but a single bee can pass at a time. With so small a space the robbers will soon give over, after which open gradually. When robbers are thus suddenly checked, they often attack an adjacent hive with a rush which the guard cannot resist. This should be looked to, and it will be prudent, at the time of closing the entrance to the hive first attacked, also greatly to reduce the width of the entrance to all the hives standing near, until this danger is past. These directions are given on the presumption that the hive is ventilated, as every hive should be. Without ventilation, in a hot day, five minutes exclusion of the atmospheric air may be dangerous or fatal. In this case caution must be used, but upon the same principle the intelligent apiarian can still succeed.

Good Manners.—There is nothing settled in manners, but the laws of behaviour yield to the energy of the individual. The maiden at her first ball, the countryman at a city dinner, believes that there is a ritual, according to which every act and compliment must be performed, or the failing party must be cast out of this presence. Later, they learn that good sense and character make their own forms every moment, and speak or abstain, take wine or refuse it, stay or go, sit in a chair or sprawl with children on the floor, or stand on their head, or what else soever, in a new and aboriginal way: and that strong will is always in fashion, let who will be unfashionable. All that fashion demands is composure and self-content. A circle of men perfectly well bred would be a company of sensible persons, in which every man's native manners and character appeared. If the fashionist have not this quality, he is nothing. We are such lovers of self-reliance, that we excuse in a man many sins, if he will show us a complete satisfaction in his position, which asks no leave to be of mine or any man's good opinion. But any deference to some eminent man or woman of the world, forfeits all privilege of nobility. He is an underling: I have nothing to do with him; I will speak with his master.

One may be too punctual and too precise. He must leave the omniscience of business at the door, when he comes into the palace of beauty. Society loves creole natures, and sleepy, languishing manners, so that they cover sense, grace and good will: the air of drowsy strength, which disarms criticism; perhaps, because such a person seems to reserve himself for the best of the game, and not spend himself on surfaces; an ignoring eye, which does not see the annoyances, shifts and inconveniences that cloud the brow and smother the voice of the sensitive.—*Emerson.*

True Honesty.—Some years ago, two aged men, near Marshallton, traded, or according to Virginia parlance, swapped horses, on this condition—that on that day week, the one who thought he had the best of the bargain, should pay to the other two bushels of wheat. The day came, and as luck would have it, they met about half way between their respective homes.

"Where art thou going?" said one.

"To thy house with the wheat," answered the other. "And whither art thou going?"

"Truly," replied the first, "I was taking the wheat to thy house."

Each pleased with his bargain, had thought the wheat justly due to his neighbor, and was going to pay it.

Wit and Humor.

WHY HE WORE A WIG.

Not long since, a thorough-bred Yankee arrived at one of our hotels, and excited considerable attention by his inquisitive manners. Among the things which appeared to him as out of the ordinary course, he observed that a fine looking young man of twenty, wore a wig. "Why was it? How did he lose his hair so young?" were questions the Yankee would fain have heard answered. At last his curiosity became so strong, that he resolved to apply for information to the young man himself.

"I say, neighbor," he began, "seems to me that hair o' yourn ain't nat'ral."

"Sir?"

"That hair o' yourn—it's a wig, ain't it?"

The young man gave the Yankee a terrible look, but answered coolly—

"It's a wig. What of it?"

"Nothing—only—tisn't of'n we Yankees lose our hair so young. Been trouble?"

"Some."

"That's what made yer hair fall off?"

"Not exactly."

"Been sick?"

"Once."

"Oh, then that's what—"

"No, it isn't."

"Pshaw! What was it then? I can't think of any other way o' losing yer hair."

"There is another way," said the young man coolly.

"What?" asked the Yankee, with mo[illegible] eyes open.

"You have heard about the [illegible] South?"

"No."

"Well, they shave the [illegible] the convicts, down there." [illegible] been to prison?"

"Jerusalem! yo[illegible] "That ain't the way you lost [illegible]" cried the Yankee. [illegible] young man, gravely.

"No," [illegible] then?"

"He[illegible]ly in prison—no; but you know [illegible] Insane Asylum, when the wild ones [illegible] mad, and want to kill somebody, they always shave their crowns."

"No!"

"Yes they do. I havn't got a natural hair on my head."

"Come now!" cried the Yankee, full of wonder and curiosity—"say! you hain't been to the Insane Asylum, hev' ye?"

"No," was the solemn reply.

The Yankee twisted himself into all sorts of shapes, well aware that the youth in the wig was quizzing him, but still burning with curiosity to know how he lost his hair. He pressed his inquiries with all seriousness.

"How *did* I lose it?" said the young man. "You'll tell, I am afraid."

"No, I swear I won't."

"Well, listen to me, then. A year ago I was paying attention to a young woman—a bewitching creature, but a perfect shrew. Whew! what a temper that girl had! But I didn't know it, until—"

"When?"

"About the time I lost my hair."

"But how was that?"

"Don't interrupt me. That girl was an awful jealous thing—awful! One night I went to the theatre with a cousin of mine—a deuced pretty girl, by the way—and the other one heard of it. I hadn't more than got home, before a ring-a-ting-ting went the door bell, as if a dentist was pulling it for a tooth. All my folks had gone to bed, and so I went down to open the door. Who do you think I saw?"

"Your girl?"

"Nobody else! I never was so frightened in all my life. The deuce would be to pay, I knew."

"William!" said she.

"My dear," said I.

"You've been to the theatre?"

"Yes, my dear."

"You took a girl?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Her eyes shone like a cat's. She sprang towards me—made a dash at my hair—oh, dear!" sighed the young man, "I can't tell it all!—only—*I've had to wear a wig ever since!*"

And the young man walked off with his handkerchief to his [illegible], while the Yankee glided softly out of another door, amid the general laughter of the loungers.

Young Lawyers.—A young lawyer being asked if he practised speech-making much, replied:

"I am at it every morning. Immediately on leaping out of my bed, I convert my chamber into the court. I stick that old portrait of father's before the glass, and there's the Judge staring me full in the face. On my right I establish a row of boots—those are the gentlemen of the jury; on my left is the cupboard, or witness-box, while on the chairs before me are seated a lot of my learned friends.

"Well, I conceive the case opened. It's an action for anything—say for breach of promise—and then I begin. If I'm for the plaintiff, of course I pile up the pathetic; if for the defendant I reduce the thing to a mere bagatelle.—For the plaintiff, I describe in tones and strains which bring tears into the eyes of the row of boots—I mean the intelligent gentlemen of the jury—how fondly, how passionately she loved the recreant, base, and black-hearted defendant. If for him I transfer her affection to his pocket, and undertake to show that she never loved him at all. And I'm as likely to be right in the one case as the other, for how can I tell whether she loved him or not.

"In a case of this kind, however, give me the plaintiff. I see a tear starting in every eye; I hear the ladies sighing and sobbing all around me; while the intelligent men of the jury are blowing their noses with unexampled violence, lest it should be thought that they could shed a tear. I behold the Judge working his facial muscles up his mouth into all sorts of shapes, as if from the depths of his emotion he would say, 'I'll tell you what it is, I can't stand this much longer.'"

A Duelling Anecdote.—Two Spanish officers recently met to fight a duel outside the gates of Bilboa, after the seconds had failed to reconcile the belligerents. "We wish to fight—to fight to death," they replied to the representatives of their companions. At this moment, a poor fellow, looking like the ghost of Romeo's apothecary, approached the seconds, and, in a lamentable voice, said:

"Gentlemen, I am a poor artisan, with a large family, and if you would—"

"My good man, don't trouble us now," said one of the officers; "don't you see my friends are going to split each other. We are not in a charitable humor."

"It is not alms I ask for," said the man; "I am a poor carpenter, with eight children, and my wife is sick; and having heard that those gentlemen were about to kill each other, I thought of asking you to let me make their coffins."

At these words, the individuals about to commence the combat burst into a loud fit of laughter, and, simultaneously throwing down their swords, shook hands with each other, and walked away.

Anecdote.—The "Yankee Blade" tells of a queer incident which once came off at church in Boston. A clergyman was pronouncing a grandiloquent eulogium upon Howard, the philanthropist, comparing him with all the world's benefactors since Noah's day, and declaring that he could find no place honorable enough for him, on the roll of those who had been blessings to their race, while ever and anon his paragraphs were wound off with the exclamation, "Where shall we place this great philanthropist?" Just as he had reiterated the interrogatory for the dozenth time, a chap with a "brick in his hat," who had staggered in, rose up, and steadying himself by clutching the pew railing with vice-like grasp, cried out,—"S-s-since you are so—so—h-h-damably puzzled, Mister, he—he—he can have a *s-s-seat here in th-th-this pew. There's plenty of room!*" It would require a Cruikshank's pencil to depict the scene that ensued. Suffice it to say, our bibulous friend was incontinently shown that there was room neither in the pew nor in the entire house for *him*.

Anecdote of Wilkes.—"Well, sir!" exclaimed a lady, the vehement and impassioned partisan of Mr. Wilkes, in the day of his glory, and during the broad blaze of his patriotism, "well, sir! and will you dare deny that Mr. Wilkes is a great man, and an eloquent man?" "Oh, by no means, madam! I have not a doubt respecting Mr. Wilkes's talents!" "Well, but, sir! is he not a fine man, too, and a handsome man?" "Why, madam, he squints, doesn't he?" "Squints! yes, to be sure he does, sir; but not a bit more than a gentleman and a man of sense ought to squint!"

Soldiers and Sailors.—When I was in Malta, in 1806, says Coleridge, there happened a drunken squabble on the road from Valette to St. Antonio, between a party of soldiers and another of sailors. They were brought before me the next morning, and the great effect which their intoxication had produced on their memory, and the little or no effect on their courage in giving evidence, may be seen by the following specimen. The soldiers swore that the sailors were the first aggressors, and had assaulted them with the following words:

"—— your eyes! who stops the line of march there?"

The sailors with equal vehemence and unanimity averred, that the soldiers were the first aggressors, and had burst in on them, calling out—

"Heave to, you lubbers! or we'll run you down!"

Each party putting its own peculiar phrases in the others' mouths.

Power of an Ordinance.—Our city fathers passed a law last spring, making it penal for steamboats to land cholera patients here, except they were shipped for this point. Some time since a friend was in the back country, when a rustic acquaintance of his, who did not take the papers, and consequently did not know every thing, asked him,

"How is the cholera now in Brunswick?"

"Our friend told him there had been none since last year.

"Why," said he, in surprise, "I heard the town was chock full."

"Oh, yes," was the funny answer, "but [illegible] was last year. Since then they have p[illegible] *Ordinance* against its coming there [illegible] "they [illegible]"

"That's right," said the coun[illegible] ought to keep it away!"

A Muff.—The follo[illegible]dote was told, by William IV., with great glee, at a [illegible] "I was riding in the then Duke of Cla[illegible] the road between Teddington Park, the other [illegible]wich, when I was overta[illegible] boy on horseback, with a [illegible] ken by a [illegible]der his arm. "Nice pony, that [illegible] gentleman," said he. "Pretty [illegible] my reply. "Mine's a good one, too," [illegible] he, "and I'll trot you to Hampton-wick [for] a pot o' beer." I declined the match, and the butcher's boy, as he struck his single spur in his horse's side, exclaimed, with a look of contempt, "I thought you were only a muff."

Sharp Enough.—An odd sort of genius having stopped in a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the rotary movements of machinery, when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked him if he had heard the news.

"Not as I knows on," says Jonathan, "what is it?"

"Why," replied the miller, "they say the devil's dead."

"By jings," he exclaimed, "is he,—who then tends the mill?"

Hibernicism.—"Susan," said an Irish gentleman to his servant, "what are the bells ringing for?"

"In honor of the Duke of York's birth-day," was the reply.

"Be easy, my jewel," rejoined Pat, "none of your tricks upon travellers; and 'twas the Prince Regent's on Tuesday, and how can it be his brother's four days after, unless indade, they are twins?"

Selected Articles.

HOW TO BUILD A MEETING HOUSE.

"Did I ever tell you," said my friend, in his usual grave and significant tone, "how I built a church in three days?"

"Built a church in three days," said we, in utter astonishment; "how could that be?"

"Aye, more than that," continued our energetic friend; "in three days from the time the axe was laid at the root of the timbers of which it was erected, a neat church was completed, and I had the pleasure of hearing an excellent sermon delivered in it."

"Certainly that was doing things with a dispatch seldom known in church building; but you excite our curiosity, and we should like to know more about it; so you may as well tell us the whole story at once."

"But you editors are so apt to print everything you hear, that I am almost afraid to trust you, lest I find myself out in the Protestant, as was the friend who related to you the particulars of your story about '*Black Jerry, or the Praying Negro.*'"

"Well, we promise not to tell on you, however much we may say about the house you built and the manner of building it. Besides, it might teach others something; and that, you know, would be sufficient excuse for an editor to tell his readers a good story."

"And you won't publish my name with it," said our enthusiastic and good humored companion, drawing his fingers and thumb over his face, in a manner peculiar his own.

"Certainly not—that shall be kept from our readers; so go on with your story."

Well, then, let me tell you, that when I travelled ——— circuit, in the West, I had occasion sometimes to visit a neighborhood where there resided several Methodists, in tolerable good circumstances; but far too feeble, as they supposed, to build a church. They would each contribute five or ten dollars a year toward the support of the sister churches in the neighborhood, where they generally attended, though occasionally they would get over to preaching at one of my nearest appointments. They supposed themselves quite too weak to think of building a house of worship for themselves, and therefore felt it to be their duty to help, as they were able, their neighbors of other denominations.

"That was liberal and proper."

Oh, yes, certainly it was; but, dining one day with the most wealthy and prominent farmer among them, I said to him after dinner, "Wouldn't it be a fine thing if you could have a neat house of worship built somewhere in this vicinity for our people?"

"That it would," said he, "but I am afraid it can't be done for years yet."

"Wouldn't you be willing, brother, to give us an acre of ground where the cross roads unite just below us? It seems that you are not improving that part of your property."

"Most cheerfully—but what can you do with ground unless you have money to put up the building?"

"Let us walk over and look at it, brother. Maybe something can be done."

So over we walked, and very soon reached the spot. It was a lovely site. Acres of large woodland stretched beyond it, and it lay directly accessible to two of the most thoroughly travelled roads in the whole country.

"Now, brother," said I, "would it be asking too much of you to beg as much timber from these fine oaks as would put up a log building, providing we have it cut without expense to you?"

"You shall have as much as you need."

"And couldn't you and the rest of the neighbors furnish a few hams, a few bushels of potatoes, and a few loaves of bread, for three successive days, to help to feed the workmen that I shall bring here?"

The old farmer smiled, and said it could be done, and it should be done; but he thought I would find it difficult to get the house up, nevertheless.

"Don't fear me, brother," said I. "Let me see, next Wednesday the work shall be commenced. I will have one hundred and forty men here on that day, and there will be a good house completed by Saturday morning, and we will hold a meeting in it over the Sabbath."

The old farmer looked very incredulous, smiled at me, and said,

"I hope your prediction may be realized."

On that afternoon I delivered a temperance lecture ten miles from that place, and at night preached. There was an excellent feeling in the congregation. At the close of the meeting I said—

"Brethren, I want you to help me build a house for God, at such a place—I don't ask you for money, but I want your time for three days, with your wagons, and axes, and implements of carpentry. How many of you will agree to meet me on the spot on next Wednesday morning, and give three days work to the Lord."

Up rose one, two, three—presently *thirty* strong men were upon their feet.

"Now," said I, turning to the sisters, "we will not exclude you from this good work. Come along with your husbands and brothers, and fetch a few pies and bread, and a ham or two, for the sustenance of these laborers, and God will bless you."

The thing having taken so well, the first demonstration having resulted so successfully, I repeated it at the next appointment, and so on for some thirty miles round the country, until *one hundred and seventy men* were pledged, [illegible] to be on the ground at the appointed time; which I felt satisfied would yield the requisite number, making all allowance for unavoidable detentions.

On Tuesday evening I rode up to the old farmer's. It had rained slightly all day, and only about twenty laborers had as yet come up; but I felt confident they would be with us on the morrow.

The evening was pleasantly spent, and before retiring I said—

"Brethren, let us pray that our Heavenly Father may prosper us in this undertaking for His glory—that He may send such a rain this night as will unfit the ground for the share of the plough for three days, so that our brethren may not be tempted to tarry at home—that to-morrow He may give us fair weather and plenty of hands, and that the whole work may be accomplished speedily, and without accident to any one."

After prayer, in which all joined heartily, we retired to rest.

That night such a shower fell, and such thunders roared, as deluged and shook the adjacent hills as they had seldom been shaken. But the morning dawned beautifully. Everything seemed renovated by the storm. At six o'clock we were out, and by nine reinforcement after reinforcement had arrived, until our complement of men was made up. And such [illegible] of pies and loaves, and poultry, as [illegible] sisters brought with them, had seldom [illegible] in that vicinity; and they gave no [illegible] to the mise of an agreeable and su[illegible] multitude of laborers. [illegible] singing and [illegible]

My first business, after [illegible] prayer, was to classify [illegible] So many to fell [illegible] the departments [illegible] the logs; so many to the trees; so many [illegible] to prepare the floors; put up the [illegible] pulpit; so many to prepare so many to [illegible] &c. Among them were several carpenters, and one or two good [illegible] The first stroke of the axe I had the [illegible] myself to make, for I took my turn among the *fellers*. And if ever I saw a magnificent sight in my life, it was when, with thundering, crashing sound, there came to the earth, one after another, those huge monarchs of the forest, before the steady stroke of those stalwart axe-men.

"And was your house completed?"

"Aye, sir, Friday night's sunset kissed its summit. Benches were brought from neighboring houses, and on Saturday morning we held meeting there. A brother minister who had come over to look at us, having heard of the project, preached the first sermon to a large and attentive congregation, from 'For he loved our nation, and hath built us a synagogue.'—Luke vii. 5. Better than all, a gracious revival soon broke out in the log tenement; and in two or three years after, it was succeeded by as handsome a country church as may be any where found in that section of country."

And our friend again drew his hand across his face, in his own peculiar and significant manner, as if the very recollection of his success in the undertaking filled him with delight.—*Methodist Protestant.*

THE FOOLISH QUARREL.

FROM [illegible] DRAWING ROOM SCRAP BOOK.

"Hush, Juana; 'tis quite certain
That the coffee was not strong;
Own your error—I'll forgive you—
Why so stubborn in the wrong?"

"You'll forgive me! Sir, I hate you!
You have used me like a churl;
Have my senses ceased to guide me?
Do you think I am a girl?"

"Oh, no! you're a girl no longer,
But a woman, formed to please;
And it's time you should abandon
Childish follies such as these."

"Oh, I hate you! But why vex me?
If I'm old, you're older still;
I'll no longer be your victim,
And the creature of your will."

"But, Juana, why this pother?
It might happen I was wrong;
But, if common sense inspire me,
Still, that coffee was not strong."

"Common sense! You never had it!
Oh, that ever I was born
To be wedded to a monster
Who repays my love with scorn."

"Well, Juana, we'll not quarrel—
What's the use of bitter strife?
But I'm sorry I am married
I was mad to take a wife."

"Mad indeed! I'm glad you know it;
But if there be law in Spain,
I'll be tied to you no longer
I am weary of the chain."

"Hush, Juana! Shall the servants
Hear you argue, ever wrong?
Can you not have done with folly?
Own the coffee was not strong."

"Oh, you goad me past endurance,
Trifling with my woman's heart;
But I loathe you, and detest you—
Villain! Monster! Let us part."

Long this foolish quarrel lasted,
Till Juana, half afraid
That her empire was in peril,
Summon'd never-failing aid.

Summon'd tears in copious torrents,
Tears, and sobs, and piteous sighs;
Well she knew the potent practice,
The artillery of the eyes.

And it chanced as she imagined—
Beautiful in grief was she—
Beautiful to best advantage;
And a tender heart had he.

Kneeling at her side he sooth'd her—
"Dear Juana, I was wrong;
Never more I'll contradict you—
[illegible]"

A Dry Parson and Bad Brandy—An Authentic Anecdote.—What a vast difference education, association and habit make among men of all sorts and sizes, trades, grades and professions! How very few are the evils of society which are so regarded by all; how much of every thing, especially of opinion, takes its color from the eye of the observer, without reference to the real nature of the thing! But we don't intend to write an essay, but merely to tell an anecdote to illustrate what we have been saying—an anecdote which has at least the merit of authenticity, and a small spice of drollery. Several years ago two English clergymen of the society of "Independents," as the congregationalists are termed in England, came as delegates from the home churches to the churches in the United States, for the purpose of inquiry respecting the religious condition of the new world. Both of them were persons eminent for learning and piety, but neither of them had ever known anything of temperance organizations *per se*, and, though of good personal habits, they were by no means "teetotallers"—being, in short, very much in this respect like the American clergy thirty years ago. One of them stopped some weeks with a distinguished Presbyterian divine in Philadelphia, a strong total abstinence man, and a violent hater of grog in all its forms. The Englishman, getting nothing "to drink" at the table of his host, and feeling the need of something, went out one day to the nearest gin shop and helped himself. On returning to the house of his friend, he addressed him as follows: "My dear brother, what sort of a shop, may I ask—what sort of a house is that about the corner?" "I don't know what house you refer to," said the other. "Why, a sort of ale-house, you know, just about the corner." "Why, sir," said the Philadelphian, looking rather surprised at the question, "why, sir, that's the lowest *grog shop* in the city!" "Indeed!" said the phlegmatic Englishman, "well, I thought so, from the bad quality of the brandy they keep there." "I am astonished," said the other in unfeigned amazement, "that you should visit a house of that description!" "Well, for that matter, so am I, rather," replied the Englishman, "but, being a stranger in town, you know I couldn't readily find a better; but, of course, with the knowledge I have of their villainous brandy, I shan't soon go there again, though, to say the truth, the tavern looked well enough to have been a respectable house." The Philadelphian saw at once the man would never understand him—gave a deep sigh—and turned the discourse to other matters.—*Boston Post.*

Peel's First Efforts in Oratory.—Soon after Peel was born, his father, the first baronet, finding himself rising daily in wealth and consequence, and believing that money, in those peculiar days, could always command a seat in Parliament, determined to bring up his son expressly for the House of Commons. When that son was quite a child, Sir Robert would frequently set him on the table, and say—"Now, Robin, make a speech, and I will give you this cherry." What few words the little fellow produced were applauded, and applause stimulating exertion, produced such effects, that before Robin was ten years old, he could really address the company with some degree of eloquence. As he grew up, his father constantly took him every Sunday into his private room, and made him repeat, as well as he could, the sermon which had been preached. Little progress in effecting this was made, and little was expected at first; but by steady perseverance, the habit of attention grew powerful, and the sermon was repeated almost verbatim. When, at a very distant day, the Senator, remembering accurately the speech of an opponent, answered his arguments in correct succession, it was little known that the power of so doing was originally acquired in Drayton church.—*Memoirs, by the Dean of York.*

Railroads and Horses.—It is found by a recent census, that in consequence of the introduction of railroads, the number of horses in England has been reduced from 1,000,000 to 200,000. It is computed that it requires as much land to subsist one horse as it does to subsist eight men. Consequently, it would appear that the 800,000 horses displaced by railroad make room for an additional population of 6,400,000.

Demoniac Coolness and Cruelty.—Among the names connected with the history of Henry VIII.'s tyranny, few are more remarkable than that of Sir William Kingston. He [illegible] out those to whom the dying Wolsey [illegible] the faith those "last sighs" which "[illegible] Boleyn's jailer, of Kings," and he was [illegible]tion. There is a[illegible] and superintended [illegible] writer, which illustratory told of him [illegible] hardness of heart, and traces his nonchalant nature in a worse light which exhibits, even the history of Carrier and than is afforded [illegible] supporters. "One Bowyer, his associate, in Cornwall," says our author—"Mayor, had been amongst the rebels, not willingly enforced; to him the Provost Kingston [sent] word he would come and dine with him, for whom the Mayor made great provision. A little before dinner, the Provost took the Mayor aside, and whispered, in his ear, that an execution must that day be done in the town, and therefore he must set up two gallows: the Mayor did so.—After dinner Sir William Kingston thanked him for his entertainment, and then desired him to bring him to the gallows. He then asked whether they were strong enough. 'I warrant them,' said the Mayor. 'Then,' rejoined Sir William, 'get you upon them.' 'I!' said the Mayor; 'you mean not as you speak.' 'Nay, sir, you must die, for you have been a busy rebel.'" Nor ice nor the devil could be cooler than this. There were seventy thousand persons hanged in England during Henry VIII.'s reign, which was truly the hangman's golden age.

☞ An honest Hibernian had come far to see Niagara; and, while he gazed upon it, a friend asked him if it was not the most wonderful thing he had ever seen; to which he replied—"Niver a bit, man—niver a bit. Sure, it's no wondther at all that the wather should fall down there, for I'd like to know what could hindther it; but it's mighty quare, though, I'm thinking, how the mischief it ever got up!"

Agricultural.

FARM MANURES, AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

We copy the following chapter on "*manures from domestic animals, and their preservation,*" from the recent work of Professor Norton, entitled "*Elements of Scientific Agriculture.*"

The manure of various domestic animals is, in this country, most commonly employed as a fertilizer, all other manures being used in comparatively small quantities; and yet even these are seldom preserved and applied so carefully as they might or ought to be.

The principal varieties are those of the ox, the cow, the hog, the horse, and the sheep. Of these, that of the *horse* is most valuable in its fresh state; it contains much nitrogen, but is very liable to loss by fermentation. That of the *hog* comes next. That of the cow is placed at the bottom of the list. This is because the enriching substances of her food go principally to the formation of milk, the manure being thereby rendered poorer.

The manure of all these animals is far richer than the food given them, because it contains much more nitrogen. This is for the reason that a large part of the carbon and oxygen of the food are consumed in the lungs and blood generally, for the purpose of keeping up the heat of the body. They are given off from the lungs, and also by perspiration and evaporation through the pores of the skin, in the form of carbon and water.

From animals fed upon rich food, the manure is much more powerful than when it is poor. In England, for instance, where they fatten cattle largely on oil-cake, it is calculated that the increased value of the manure repays all of the outlay. This is the reason why human ordure is better than manure from any of the animals mentioned above, the food of man being rich and various.

All these kinds of manures should be carefully collected and preserved, both as to their liquid and solid parts. The liquid part, or urine, is particularly rich in the *phosphates* and in *nitrogen*. This part is, by very many farmers, permitted, in a great degree, to run away, or evaporate. Some farm-yards are contrived so as to throw the water off entirely, others convey it through a small ditch upon the nearest field.—The liquid manure which might have fertilized several acres in the course of the season, is thus concentrated upon one small spot, and the consequence is a vegetation so rank as to be of very little use. Spots of this kind may be seen in the neighborhood of many farm yards, where the grass grows up so heavy that it falls down and rots at the bottom, and has to be cut some weeks before haying time, producing strong, coarse hay that cattle will scarcely touch.

The proper way to save this liquid is to have a tank or hole, into which all the drainings of the yard may be conducted. If left here long, this liquid begins to ferment, and loses nitrogen in the form of ammonia, which, it will be remembered, is a compound of nitrogen and hydrogen. To remedy this, a little sulphuric acid, or a few pounds of plaster may occasionally be thrown in. The sulphuric acid will unite with the ammonia, which will remain unchanged, not being liable to evaporate. Others prefer to mix sufficient peat, ashes, sawdust or fine charcoal with the liquid in the tank, to soak it all up; others still pump it out, and pour it upon a compost heap. One point is to be noticed in the management of a tank. Only the water which naturally drains from the stables and yards should be allowed to enter it; all that falls from the eaves of the buildings should be discharged elsewhere.—Regulated in this way, the tank will seldom overflow, and the manure collected in it will be of the most valuable and powerful description. The tank may be made of stone, brick or wood, as is most convenient, and need cost but very little.

While the liquid manure is actually, in many cases, almost entirely lost, the solid part is often allowed to drain and bleach, until nearly every thing soluble has washed away, or is exposed in heaps to ferment without any covering. In such a case ammonia is always formed and given off,—it may often be perceived by the smell, particularly in horse manure. The fact may also be shown, by dipping a feather in muriatic acid, and waving it over the heap. If ammonia, in any quantity, is escaping, white fumes will be visible about the feather, caused by the formation of muriate of ammonia. This escape of so valuable a substance may be, in a great measure, prevented, by shovelling earth over the surface of the heap, to a depth of two or three inches. If this does not arrest it entirely, sprinkle a few handfuls of plaster on the top; the sulphuric acid of the plaster will, as before, unite with the ammonia, and form sulphate of ammonia.

Manures containing *nitrogen* in large quantities are so exceedingly valuable, because this gas is required to form gluten, and bodies of that class, in the plant; this is particularly in the seed, and sometimes also in the fruit. Plants can easily obtain an abundance of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen from the air, the soil and manures. Not so with nitrogen. They cannot get it from the air; there is little of it in most soils, and hence manures which contain much of it, produce such a marked effect. Not that it is more necessary than the other organic bodies, but more scarce, at least in a form available for plants. The same reasoning applies to phosphoric acid. It is not more necessary than the other inorganic ingredients, but still is more valuable, because more uncommon in the soil, and in manures.

In all places where manure is protected from the sun, and from much washing by rain, its value is greatly increased.

Horse manures, particularly, should not be left exposed at all; it begins to *heat* and to *lose nitrogen* almost immediately, as may be perceived by the smell. It should be mixed with other manures, or covered by some absorbent earth as soon as possible. Almost every one who enters a stable in the morning, where there are many horses, must perceive the strong smell of ammonia that fills the place. I have seen, in some stables, little pans containing plaster of Paris or sulphuric acid, for the purpose of absorbing these fumes, and forming sulphate of ammonia. The liquid which runs from barn-yards and from manure heaps, is shown, by analysis, to consist of the most fertilizing substances; and it is calculated that where this is allowed to wash away, as is the case in many instances, the manure is often reduced nearly one-half in its value. I have seen yards where it was almost worthless, owing to long exposure.

The farmers of this country need awaking up on the subject of carefully preserving their common manure. In Flanders, every thing of the kind is saved with the greatest care, the liquid manure of a single cow for a year, is valued at ten dollars; *here* it is often allowed to escape entirely. *Either they are very foolish, or we are very wasteful.*

"WHAT ARE BIRDS GOOD FOR?"

The American Agriculturist, in answer to this inquiry, relates the following anecdotes:

"In connection with this subject, we give an anecdote related to us last Winter by Governor Aiken, of South Carolina, of the rice birds. These little creatures gather around the rice fields at harvest time in countless myriads, and of course consume considerable grain. Some years ago it was determined to make war upon them, and drive them out of the country, and the measure was in some degree successful, so far as getting rid of the birds. 'What are birds for?' The rice planter soon found out; for with the decrease of birds, the worms increased so rapidly that, instead of a few scattering grains to feed the birds, the whole crop was demanded to fill the insatiable maw of the army that came to consume every young shoot as fast as it sprung from the ground. Most undoubtedly the birds were invited back again with a hearty welcome. Rice cannot be cultivated without their assistance.

"A few years ago, the blackbirds in the Northern part of Indiana, were considered a grievous nuisance to the farmer. Whole fields of oats were sometimes destroyed, and the depredations upon late corn were greater than can be believed, if told. The farmer sowed, and the birds reaped. He scolded and they twittered. Occasionally a charge of shot brought down a score, but made no more impression upon the great sea of birds than the removal of a single bucket of water from the great salt puddle. A few years later every green thing on the land seemed destined to destruction by the army worm. Man was powerless—a worm among worms. But his best friends, the hated blackbirds, came to his relief just in time to save when all seemed lost. No human aid could have helped him. How thankful should man be, that God has given him for his companions and fellow-laborers, in the cultivation of the earth, these lovely birds. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' Why should we grudge the little moity claimed by the busy little fellows which followed the plough, and snatched away the worm from the seed, that it might produce grain for his and our sustenance? 'No honest man would cheat a bird of his Spring and Summer's work.'"

The Olio.

The Czar and the Spa.—It happened about a hundred and fifty years ago, that the famous Peter, who united the trade of a carpenter to the profession of Czar of Russia, felt himself unwell while staying at the village of Spa. The autocratic workman, with a happy anticipation of Priessnitz and Claridge, drank freely of the water of a neighboring spring. Eight days afterwards he sent for the burgomaster and the magistrates, and addressed them nearly in these words—"Gentlemen, I was ill; but thanks to free libations of your sparkling fountain, I am now quite well. I owe you much—" Here the Czar thrust his hand into the pocket of the coarse jerkin which he wore; and the civic dignitaries, having extended their open palms—"I owe you much," continued the Czar; "and I wish to present you with a durable testimony of my gratitude. In forty-eight hours you shall have it." One may easily fancy what castles in the air were built by the expectant functionaries. At length they were told that the august convalescent had given orders to procure the hardest stone which the district would afford; and the following morning four strong Muscovites were seen bearing a slab, on which was inscribed these words—

"I was ill: I drank: I was cured.
(Signed) PETER, *Czar of Russia.*"

"Place this stone over your fountain, or, if you prefer it, place your fountain under this stone," said the Czar, kindly, "and hereafter you will thank me for it." Ere many years had elapsed, all Europe knew the waters of Spa; and the demand for it became so enormous, that the worthy burgomaster and his colleagues were forced to discover five new springs in the neighborhood. The name of *Spa* was also extended to mineral springs throughout the world.

Man and Woman.—M—Man is a Marvellous and Matchless Model of Mechanism; a Mutable Mass of Mirth and Misanthropy; Merry Midst Mourning, Mournful Midst Mirth. Man Mars his Mundane Mission by Mixing in Monstrous Mummeries, Mindless of the Meek Monitions of his Mighty Master, Mildly Misprising his Mild and Moderate Mandates Mid the Manifold Manifestations of the Multiplied Mercies Meted out by his Maker. Muse, then, Misguided Mortal, on the Magnitude of thy Misdemeanors, Mind not the Meretricious Machinations of Malevolent Ministers, but Merit the Meed of a Merciful Mission.

W—Woman, Who, Whilome Was Wrought upon by the Wheedling Words of the Wily one, since When the World Weeps o'er its Wickedness. Wanting Women, the World Were a Waste and We Wending our Weary Way through its Wilderness, Would Waft our Wailings to the Winds and Waves. Woman, Without thy Winsome Ways, Wealth Were Worthless, a Will o' the Wisp. The Witchery of thy Wooing Words Work Wonders like the Waving of the Wizard's Wand; Witness thy Weariless Watchings o'er the Wounded and Wretched, Withstanding our Waywardness through Weal and Woe. Wanton Wallers on the Wane, Writhing under Wrinkles, may Wage a Warfare with, but the Wise Welcome and Worship thee.

Toleration.—The following is worthy to go the rounds of the papers at least once a year.—Bishop Taylor, in one of his works, says he got it from the Jews' Books:

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man eat and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away, because he did not worship Thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and could'st not thou endure him one night?

Love of the Sandwich Islanders for Creaking Shoes.—They have a special liking for shoes that are given to squeaking. This squeak, by the way, the natural creaking of new and dry leather, they seem to think a part of the shoe, and they are willing to pay for it extra; so that the shoemaker who can manufacture the most squeak will be likely to have the largest run of custom among Hawaiians. There was an escaped Botany Bay convict shoemaker in Mr. Bond's district, that married one of his church members, and the natives used to employ him for making squeak.

He was expected one day at Mr. Bond's, and a native who knew it left word to have a pair of shoes made with a squeak. Willing to see how far the man's fondness for squeak would carry him, Mr. Bond asked how much worth of squeak he would have put in his shoes, whether a *hapaha's* worth or a *hapalua*, a quarter of a dollar squeak or a half-dollar squeak. The man's love for squeak got the better, I believe, of his love for money, and he concluded to have the largest squeak that Crispin could manufacture, even if it cost as high as a dollar.—*Cheever's "Island World of the Pacific."*

A Marriage Scene.—There occurred a case at a marriage scene, while I was at Kohala, so provokingly droll and amusing, that I never narrate or call it to mind without laughter. At the Wednesday afternoon meeting, six or seven couples presented themselves together for marriage. Somewhat curious to witness the ceremony, I sat by the minister within the desk. They stood together, opposite, in a line; and when their names were called, and hands were to be locked for responding to the marriage vow, one was found without his mate; and on the pastor's naturally enough asking for her, oh! said the *sans culotte* bridegroom, with a grave drollery, all the more ludicrous for being unmeant, *E hookomo nae i kona kapa hou ma ka pola—She is at the door putting on her frock!* This to tell of his bride before a whole congregation, was more than the officiating minister or his friend could bear and keep their countenances. A few moments elapsed, and Mr. Bond and myself exchanged knowing glances as the just now gownless bride came in from her toilet by the meeting-house door.—*Cheever's "Island-World of the Pacific."*

Immortality.—Napoleon being in the gallery of the Louvre, one day, attended by the Baron Denon, turned suddenly round from a picture which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said

"That is a noble picture, Denon."

"Immortal," was Denon's reply.

"How long," inquired Napoleon, "will that picture last?"

Denon answered, that "with care, and in a proper situation, it might last perhaps five hundred years."

"And how long," said Napoleon, "will a statue last?"

"Perhaps," replied Denon, "five thousand years."

"And this," returned Napoleon, sharply, "*this you call immortality!*"

THE SONNET OF SONNETS.

I much admire that soft Italian gent
Who first invented sonnets, for his sense
In keeping them so short; a sure defence
Against prolixity, and vast extent
Of long-drawn verses, by which nothing's meant,
And empty verbiage. For no pretence
Of subject, or of energy immense
In treating it, or ill-deserved content
With what has gone before, can ever spin
The sonnet's length beyond twice seven lines:
Which is a great advantage, too, to one
Who has not much to say, and spreads his thin
Thoughts far as possible! and him who pines
For that blest moment when his task is done.

☞ An old gentleman once sent a notice to a painter, to letter the name of his ship "The Asha." The painter, not understanding the word, asked him what it meant.

"Why, I have named her *The Asia.*"

"But," said the painter, "A-s-h-a don't spell Asia."

"What *does* it spell, then?" inquired the ship-owner. The painter could not tell, and gave up the controversy.

For Housekeepers.

Knuckle of Veal to Ragout.—Cut the knuckle of veal into slices of about half an inch thick, pepper, salt and flour them, fry them a light brown, put the trimmings in a stew-pan, with the bone broken in several places, an onion sliced, a head of celery, a bunch of sweet herbs, and two blades of bruised mace; pour in warm water enough to cover them about an inch, cover the pot close and let it stew very gently for a couple of hours, strain it and then thicken it with flour and butter, put in a spoonful of catsup, a glass of wine, and juice of half a lemon, give it a boil-up and strain into a clean stew-pan, put in the meat, make it hot, and serve up. If celery is not to be had, use a carrot instead, or flavor it with celery root.

Veal Pot Pie.—Procure a nice breast or brisket of veal, well jointed, put the pieces into the pot with one quart of water to every five pounds of meat, put the pot over a slow fire; just before it comes to a boil skim it well, and pour in a teacupfull of cold water, then turn over the meat in order that all the scum may rise, remove all the scum, boil quite hard, season with pepper and salt to your taste, always remembering that the crust will take up a part of the seasoning; when this is done, cut off your crust in pieces of equal size, but do not roll or mould them; lay them on top of the meat, so as to cover it, put the lid on the pot closely, let the whole boil slowly one hour. If the lid does not fit the pot closely, wrap a cloth around it, in order that no steam shall escape; and by no means allow the pot to stop boiling.

The crust for pot-pie should be raised with yeast. To three pints of flour add two ounces of butter, a little salt, and wet with milk sufficient to make a soft dough, knead it well and set it away to rise; when quite light, mould and knead it again, and let it stand, in winter, one hour, in summer, one half hour,—when it will be ready to be cut.

In summer you had better add one half a teaspoonfull of soda, when you knead it the second time, or you may wet it with water, and add another bit of butter.—*Mrs. Bliss's Practical Cook Book.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 1, 26, 21, 4, 8, is a river in Russia in Europe.
My 2, 11, 28, 3, 9, 15, 22, is one of the United States.
My 3, 7, 1, 21, is a town in Russia.
My 4, 13, 26, 21, 4, 2, 9, is one of the United States.
My 5, 10, 28, 23, 8, 15, is one of the five great Oceans.
My 6, 7, 4, 16, 23, is a river in Africa.
My 7, 21, 26, 10, is a mountain in Missouri.
My 8, 13, 3, 22 is one of the grand divisions of the Globe.
My 9, 6, 11, 16, 15, is a range of mountains in South America.
My 10, 27, 15, 11, 19, 18, is a town in France.
My 11, 26, 1, 15, 21, is the capital of one of the United States.
My 12, 7, 1, 25, 7, 17, is a river in Turkey in Asia.
My 13, 21, 2, 16, is one of the longest canals in the United States.
My 14, 15, 24, 20, is a river in Egypt.
My 15, 27, 1, 8, 24, 25, 10, is a province of Spain.
My 16, 22, 18, 13, 26, 10, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 17, 26, 21, 9, 12, 27, is the highest mountain in America.
My 18, [illegible], 21, 11, 7, 15, 23, 27, is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 19, 24, 11, 26, 7, 22, 28, 29, is a town in Arkansas.
My 20, 28, 7, 17, 12, 29, is an island off the coast of South Carolina.
My 21, 17, [illegible], 11, 7, 6, 4, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 22, 24, 4, 5, 19, 23, 17, is one of the Barbary States.
My 23, 9, 15, 2, 9, is a county in Michigan.
My 24, 26, 15, 28, 26, 6, is a city in England.
My 25, 13, 11, is a river in Louisiana.
My 26, 21, 8, 15, 1, 13, is a county in New York.
My 27, 24, 13, 26, 6, is a town in Illinois.
My 28, 23, 15, 4, 24, 29, is a bay on the coast of Ireland.
My whole, when finished, will be a great improvement to the State of Virginia. C.
West Point, N. Y.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first stands very high with cooks,
I'm sure you need not doubt it,
Since nothing very good to eat
Is often made without it.
My second's on your table seen
Much more than once a day;
My whole's a very pretty flower—
You'll find it bloom in May.
[illegible] Co., Pa. I. Z.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On the Fourth of July a pole was erected
Composed of six pieces, and nicely connected;
Two feet and six inches it measured around
On the place where it stood, at the top of the ground.
The form was a cone in surface complete.
The height of the same was twice sixty feet.
What length of each piece, [illegible] at the [illegible]
Well wound around the pole from bottom to top
And have it lay smooth, and plain to be seen
By leaving a space of five inches between?
C. WALTERMEYER.
[illegible], York Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why ought ladies to be prevented from learning French?
Ans.—Because one tongue is sufficient for a woman.
☞ From where does the eloquence of an American lawyer proceed?
Ans.—From his mouth.
☞ Why are dancers like mushrooms?
Ans.—They spring up at night.
☞ What check to ambition is there in the [illegible] of a church weathercock?
Ans.—It is vain to a spire (vain to aspire).
☞ Why are corsets like opposition lines in travelling?
Ans.—They reduce the fair (fare).
☞ Why is a sloop on the Delaware like Noah's Ark?
Ans.—One was made of Gopher wood, and the other to go-for wood.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—The Steamer City of Glasgow.
GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Louis Napoleon.
CHARADE.—Pipkin.
PROBLEM.—25 and 100, or 100 and 180.

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

The hammer that broke up the meeting.
A buckle to fasten a laughing stock.
A lock taken from one of the [illegible]

Gospel Truth.—The Albany *Dutchman* says: It is hard to tell which is the most difficult—to get a new truth into people's heads or an old prejudice out. Till a science is successful, everybody looks upon it as a humbug; while it no sooner becomes successful, than everybody wonders why "some blamed fool" did not think of it before.

When Professor Morse first proposed to put up a telegraph between Baltimore and Washington, it was doubted by "our most eminent men," whether electricity had sufficient wind to run even that distance, without stopping on the road once or twice to take a feed of zinc and vinegar; and yet the fact no sooner becomes a fixed one, than it is suddenly discovered to be an old idea revived, while Professor Morse barely escapes going to States Prison, for obtaining glory by false pretences.